

A NEW EDITION CORRECTED.

WANLEY PENSON;
OR,
THE MELANCHOLY MAN:
A
MISCELLANEOUS HISTORY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

Oft by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

At length he rests upon the lap of earth;
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And MELANCHOLY mark'd him for her own.

GRAY'S ELEGY.

L O N D O N :

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1792.

WILLIAM PEARSON
THE MUSEUM OF THE
BRITISH MUSEUM



Of the two works, the first is a
history of the world, from the
beginning of time to the present
day. It is a work of great
importance, and one which
every student of history should
read. The second work is a
history of the British Museum,
from its foundation to the
present day. It is a work of
great interest, and one which
every student of the history of
the Museum should read.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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NOTE.

THE Conclusion of the last Letter, gives an expectation that the next should contain the History of Young Snell—It does contain it: but as the sagacious Reader, probably may, on perusal, wonder that Mr. Penfon should find either inclination or opportunity at this juncture (however the gloom that hung over his spirits may seem to be dispersing) for the detail of such a minute recital, it may be necessary to apprise him, in addition to what I have confessed on this score in the Preface, that I have taken a peculiar liberty here with Mr. Penfon's original, which, in fact, contained only a sketch of the adventures of his old school-fellow, written with his usual desultory sentimentality. It had, however, sufficient of the wonderful in it, to raise my curiosity even so high, as to induce me to take a journey to N—, in Wiltshire, to have it satisfy'd from the lips of Snell himself.—Nor did I repent the application.—In short, his narrative kept such full pace with the expectation raised by Mr. Penfon's sketches, that (though it be not just of that pensive tincture so prevalent through

the rest of the work), I could not resist the temptation of laying it at large before the Reader, who, nevertheless, will find the passages related by Mr. Penfon, still preserved in his own language. Nor will I hesitate to acknowledge, that I gave way to the temptation the more readily, through the idea, that T. Snell would not form an unpleasing contrast to the Melancholy Man.

Having premised thus much, I will not longer detain the Reader from the narrative, which, according to the conclusion of the last letter, he is to suppose delivered by Snell himself, to Mr. Penfon and the Captain.

THE CURATE.

THE
MELANCHOLY MAN.

PART VIII.

YOUNG SNELL.

SOMETIME after, having received my unjust sentence, I, with many others, was conveyed to, and put on board a ship destined for South-Carolina. We were heavy ironed, and confined under the hatches, according to custom. What passed in the ship, except from the noise we sometimes heard overhead, we were as much strangers to, as though we had not been in her. We were, generally speaking, a society of miseries, excluded from the participation of every thing, save one another's complaints. Some of us, to be sure, took on strangely when the ship was in motion, and we found we were quitting dear England. As for me, though, at first, I

would almost as soon have been hanged as transported, yet I presently began to consider that Providence shewed itself on the side of innocence thus far, however, in that it had spared my life: and while there is life, there is hope, you know. This thought diverted my chagrin in a great measure: besides, you know, there is little got by grumbling on earth, and 'tis not likely 'twill from heaven.

We had been at sea, by what we could guess, several days, when our attention was excited by a violent uproar above, which lasted some hours, and during which, oaths, exclamations, and groans, perpetually broke upon our ears. We were the more alarmed for the consequences, when, though the tumult was subsided, yet hour after hour elapsed without our receiving our usual allowance of provision.

It was some considerable time after, that by the motion of the vessel, we conjectured that the sea ran high. Another kind of tumult

tumult now took place above us, in the midst of which came down into the hold a sailor, and a rough looking fellow, who, from his dress, appeared to be an officer.

He enquired if any there understood working a ship. Some two or three answered in the affirmative. He seemed disappointed. He fixed his eyes on me.

"Could'st thou pull a rope, rascal?" said he.

I told him I would try, if he would give me leave. Several others also, in the same moment, proffered themselves—The very shadow of liberty, gentlemen, is tempting.

"Well," said he, "we want hands, and I accept ye;—but on these terms—"

He then propounded the most horrible oath, to be sure, that human lips ever uttered; whereby we were to bind ourselves to obey him as our captain; and whatever we may see, hear, or learn hereafter, aboard the ship, of past events, that we should never divulge it to the prejudice of any one on board.

There

There are some squeamish stomachs, gentlemen, who, perhaps, could not have digested an oath so audacious, as it was to be the only price of temporary liberty. but I had already formed my plan, which was thenceforward to make the best of a bad matter; that is to say, if Providence should offer me a favour, though not such an one as I could have wished, why I had resolved to accept it, in hope that it may be an earnest of a better. Besides, thought I, if there be mischief done, let the perpetrators answer for that; I am only bound to hold my tongue: then what care I for the force of that oath I intend not to break.

We were set at liberty.—I shall not trouble you with a description of my horrors when I came on deck, and beheld every part of it stain'd with gore, and many of the sailors who were on duty wounded and bleeding; whilst a raging sea every moment, methought, seemed dividing to its lowest abyss to swallow us up. Indeed
these

these horrors were but of short duration : for I got hold of a rope—pulled when the word of command was given ; and, attentive to my new employment, forgot my fears.

We weather'd the storm—The climate grew cold—I wonder'd at it—The wonder led to enquiry. We were not steering for the Carolinas—the ship was run away with. The real captain, by imprudent severity, had incensed part of the crew. The present commander had fomented their discontents, and headed them in an insurrection. The captain had his adherents likewise.—The contest was sharp and bloody.—The captain was killed, and most of the officers thrown overboard ; and the sailors who sided with him (those few who survived the skirmish) had shared the same fate, but for prudential motives.

To supply the loss of the slain, we were set at liberty, and were now steering for the northern coasts of America, where it

was

was intended to take in a cargo that would be ſaleable in the Spaniſh Weſt-Indies, and which having diſpoſed of, the value was then to be divided among the crew.

There is one thing here, gentlemen, which I cannot help obſerving, and which is, that they who cry out moſt againſt tyranny, are, if they happen to ſtep into power, generally themſelves the greateſt tyrants: of this I had an inſtance in the man who called himſelf our captain: for he carried it very lordly, even to thoſe who liſted him into his new ſtate; and to the few others his opponents, who ſurviv'd, as well as to the ſlaves, which his own ſafety had induced him to ſet at liberty, he was a perfect Turk. For my own part, indeed, I managed matters ſo that I had ſoon no reaſon to complain of his behaviour: for, as I ſaid before, my plan was to make the beſt of a bad matter, and rather to ſwim with the ſtream, than drown in oppoſing it. I ſoon diſcovered this man to be a hot,
proud,

proud, ignorant fellow : his commands, of consequence, were often absurd and contradictory. Many of the men would frequently remonstrate, and that availing nothing, would execute his orders with such evident ill will, as often drew on them his utmost vengeance. This is not the way, thought I. When Daniel was cast among the lions, I suppose he did not twist their tails, nor tread on their paws. This would have been tempting Providence, not submitting to it. I rather think, under your correction, gentlemen, that if Daniel did any thing on that occasion, he rather smoothed the manes, and patted the gaunt sides of his rough cabin-mates. And that is the right way, thought I; so I'll even cajole this rough rogue of a captain to be civil to me.

In consequence of this resolution, I received his orders with a seeming pleasure, and executed them with alacrity. He soon noticed my attention, and I presently
began

began to find I grew in his favour. He appointed me to look after his cabin; and, had it not been that I had frequently to attend the execution of disagreeable orders, my life would have been happy enough. But he observing I met his wishes without any visible reluctance, every day took more and more the advantage of my pliability, in imposing on me the absurdest commissions. Nevertheless, 'twas as well, d' ye see, to execute them with a good grace, and be rewarded (for the villain was not ungenerous) as with an ill one, and thereby get one's self flogged, as was the case frequently with others. I will give you an instance.

I was one day on deck with him. Some action of a boy on the bows displeased him. He called to him and reprimanded him harshly. The boy muttered—at this he flew in a rage, and instantly ordered one Browne, who stood by, to go and give him a rope's end.—Browne had been bred a scholar,

scholar, and was very nice in his conceptions. To adapt one's self to the occasion, was a maxim, the propriety of which he never would allow. He hesitated—The captain repeated his orders—Browne replied he had not been used to such offices.—The captain instantly collar'd him, and I believe would have done him a mischief; but the boatswain coming up, interposed, observing to Browne, that had he heard the boy's language, he would not have hesitated to have obey'd the captain, and advised him to make his peace by executing his orders. Browne still hesitated; but being at length persuaded, it was but an act of justice he was requested to perform, he complied, and the boy received two or three good strokes from him, with advice for the future to remonstrate, if he found it necessary, at least in decent terms.

All this while, the captain walked swelling on the quarter-deck, and no sooner was Browne come from the bows, than he

he ordered the sailors to seize him, exclaiming, "Now, you dog, I'll teach you to dispute orders another time." He was instantly bound to the mast, and as the devil would have it, poor *I* was ordered to give him a severe flogging.

This was an office I had never yet been put on. It turned my blood.—I liked Browne; and, if to have been flogged in his stead would have excused him, I believe I could have submitted: but I knew it would not. I might easily have got myself flogged *with* him, but not *for* him. Well, thought I, if this *be* the devil's doing, Providence, however, permits it, and, by making use of me as an instrument, perhaps designs to bring good out of evil. Had some other been appointed to flog poor Browne, probably he had found no mercy, but I'll hurt him as little as possible.

I made myself busy in preparing a rope. The captain, in an ill humour, ordered the sailors each to his business, whilst himself
scowl'd

Itowl'd away towards the poop. This is lucky, thought I, to be thus left alone with Browne.

I approached him; and before I began to flog him, in a low voice bade him roar lustily, the moment I should strike him. But, rat him, the dog was so stubborn, as to refuse the favour I intended; declaring, though he should die, he would not solace the ears of the brute with one groan; at the same time execrating me, both for what I had undertaken, and for my duplicity.

Browne! thou art a fool, thought I, and ungrateful both to Providence and me.—However, I will not hurt thee but as little as possible.

I made a great bustle, but keeping up to my resolution, checked the blows ere they lighted on Browne. Had he done as I bade him, 'twould all have been well: but the captain eying him from a distance, and not seeing him flinch, nor hearing him cry,

try, cursed me for a chicken-hearted fellow, and bade me resign the rope to a great raw-boned sailor, whom he tipped half a crown, to give Browne a sweating, as he termed it. The fellow kept to the bargain, and made Browne roar in spite of himself.

Ah! thought I, thy proud virtue steads thee very little. Thou had'st better done to have coincided with the occasion. Man certainly never gets any thing by flouting at the decrees of Heaven; but if with an honest intention he submit, something frequently interposes in his favour.

The story of the father who shot at an apple placed on the head of his child, by the command of an inhuman tyrant, and luckily hit it, though the shot was intended by the tyrant to destroy the child, was, at this period of my life, a great means of establishing my confidence in an over-ruling Power, which perhaps had otherwise failed; for the captain was so unreasonable, that I was often afraid he would put me on the execution

execution of something desperate. But if he does, thought I, Heaven will teach me to hit the apple, and not suffer my docility to terminate in guilt.

My confidence was not misplaced—Heaven suffer'd not this state of trial to last long, for which I thank it; though it ended in a manner which aforehand I could not have wish'd.

Things continued in this situation for about three weeks; when one evening a brisk gale sprung up at south-west, which before night encreased to a violent storm, accompanied with rain. It continued with unremitting fury the whole night through, and the morn opened, only to give us a more perfect view of the horrors which darkness had concealed.—The storm continued.—Towards the evening the wind shifted, but its violence did not abate.

We were now driving far out of our course. We endeavoured to keep the ship to the wind; but the sea was so boisterous,
and

and the waves broke ſo over us, that, for my part, I really thought every minute that we were already ſwallowed up.

Our bowsprit was already broken; and, before night, a ſudden guſt brought our main maſt by the board.

The ſhip was now a ſcene of confuſion; yet ſelf-preservation prompted every man to do his utmoſt to enable her to weather the ſtorm; but, to complete our diſaſter, on the ſecond day, her rudder was torn clear off by the impetuofity of the waves. We were now incapable of managing her at all, and we drove at random, the ſport of the elements.

The third day the wind ſhifted again ſoutherly, and though the ſtorm abated, the wind ſtill continued high, accompanied with a fleet. We endeavoured to form ſomething to ſupply the place of a rudder, but it would not do, the ſea was too ſtrong. In this manner, trying various experiments in order to regain the management of the ſhip,

ship, we drove for several days, the wind still continuing hard, though not absolutely a storm.

The climate was now excessively cold; but where we were we knew not, as we could take no observation, the sky being so heavy. We guessed, however, that we were very far north, by the ice that began to float in large cakes around us. The wind, after a while, shifted again to the west. We still drove on at its mercy, the cold and the floating ice daily increasing.

The weather at length cleared, and we found ourselves in the sixty-seventh degree of north latitude to the east of Davis's Straights. This greatly alarmed us, as provisions began to grow short.—But still our efforts fail'd to repair the loss of our rudder. The wind, though steady, was yet strong.

One evening over-fatigued, having retired to steal an hour's rest, I was roused by a violent shock of the ship, accompanied

by an instantaneous cry of the crew. I hastened on deck, where, from the scene that presented itself, I instantly concluded we were wrecked on some barren rocky coast: but what was my surprize, to find, that what by the light of the moon appeared to be substantial land, was nothing more than floating islands, and floating rocks of ice. I call them islands and rocks, because of their magnitude, for many of these ice-fields had all the appearance, and the real extent, of considerably large islands.

The ship had received no damage of consequence; but as we were incapable of working her, she continued to drive with the ice against which she had struck.

Our condition was now truly pitiable, as you must think it was, in this cold and hopeless situation: but I endeavoured to keep up my spirits still, and make the best on't: to do which, I could hit on no better means than to keep myself as much as possible employed.

The

The last evening I was on board, the wind falling quite calm, and no immediate danger being apprehended, though the ship had been for some time closely hemmed in with ice, I laid myself down among some old sails to sleep; but being wakeful from anxiety, and finding that sensation troublesome, to get rid of thought I went on deck, in order to find something to do. Our fore-top-gallant-mast was broken; I took a hatchet of the carpenter, and it being a fine moonlight night, was going up to cut off the stump for mere exercise. In my way up I entered the round top, pausing a moment on the scene which opened on my sight. The moon beams playing on the jags of the congealed ice, beguil'd my senses. A large city seemed spread before me. I could not only, methought, discern the gabled houses, the steeples and towers of the churches, but a fine river, with ships in full sail working up it. 'Twas a deception of sight: but at that moment I

thought it so real, that I was in the act of calling to those below : when on a sudden, with a crash, as though the earth itself had been wrecked, the whole scene was shaken into horrors.

A cry from below, which was the smothered voice of death ; the crash of bursting timbers, and the thunder of rending ice-rocks, broke on my ear, at the same moment that I felt myself thrown with the mast on the pinnacle of a rock of floating ice, against which our ship lay.

The moment I recovered from the shock (which was not immediately, my head having received a blow from the ice, against which I fell, that stunned me) I looked down for the ship.—There was none—she was demolished and sunk ; and I should have shared the same fate, had not the mast, broken by the sudden surge, fell over a crag, which hitching in the round top, preserved me.

I cannot describe to you the scene of this
moment !

moment!—The foam of the waters—the trembling of the ice—the broken fragments of which were falling on all sides!—the ship, except the mast, quite swallowed up, and its place supplied by a huge island of ice, was altogether a scene which a second time deprived me of my faculties. All I could do was to call with all my might—but I called in vain: for had any one survived, they could not have heard my voice amidst the noise of such an ice-quake. But I again quickened to a sense of my forlorn situation: though 'twas not soon that I could be sensible, whether I entertained hope or despair; they were contending in my breast for the superiority, whilst I seem'd stupidly passive.

Morning came. The wind had again separated that ice, which a few hours before, driven together either by the current, or a sudden squall, had crushed our ship, like as the clashing together of two boats would crush a floating egg-shell.

I was

I was now driving on the wide ſea alone, on a lump of ſo frail a conſiſtence, that perhaps in the courſe of the day might diſſolve in pieces, and in ſo doing might commit me to the watery grave of my companions. And now, 'tis true, I could not help for a moment but murmur at my untoward fate : but when I reflected how Providence had already interpoſed in my behalf, I determined yet to hope.—What, ſave me from the gallows, thought I—from ſlavery, from the authority of a tyrant, to let me periſh here?—No.—Providence is not ſo inſidious. It might have hanged me—might have made a ſlave of me—might have thruſt me, under the command of a rascal, on an act of guilt—yea, it might have drowned me as it has the reſt of the crew ; but inſtead of that it has ordered this ice, like Jonah's whale, though it threatens death, perhaps to be the means of preſerving me.

Full of this idea, I quitted the maſt, whoſe weight I feared might break the brittle

brittle crag whereon it hung, and having rent off a piece of a sail that was on the yard, I climbed over a crag higher up, and seated myself in a shallow cleft, whence I could not slip off, where, wrapping myself in the sail to defend me a little from the cold, I waited as though certain of relief. I'll do what I can, said I, to preserve life, and Heaven will do the rest. The ice may be waisted into the way of some ship, perhaps.—It is too bulky to be dissolved in a short time, and a few days may bring me comfort. But what was to sustain me these few days?—This thought did not at first strike me: but having eaten but little the day before, hunger, before evening, brought it across me. I am not to expect miracles, said I, Heaven acts but by natural means—I must try.—Perhaps, could I descend to the water's edge I could catch some fish. I accordingly tried; but found it impossible, from the height where I sat (which was about forty feet above the water) to descend to the

the ſea; ſo perpendicular and ſlippery were the crags that formed this great ice rock;—ſo I ſat down again. Providence, ſaid I, muſt here do all, for I can do nothing.

I ſat now expecting night, and was about to put a quid of tobacco in my mouth to ſtay my ſtomach, when, to my great ſurprize, a large ſea-fowl, ſeemingly quite tir'd with a long flight, dropped on the crag juſt above me. 'Twas eaſily within my reach. I put up my hand, and, its head being from me, graſp'd it firmly by the tail.—I did not hesitate a moment to twiſt off its——”

“Surely, Tom, thou did'ſt not!”—— (methought, Bountly, there was ſomething cruel in his taking the life of the poor bird, to whom the ſame ice offer'd an equal refuge) “Surely, Tom, thou did'ſt not injure thy fellow unfortunate?”——

Tom ſtar'd.

“Bleſs

“ Bless your honour,” says he, “ to be sure I had rather Providence had sent me a bird ready cooked ; but tho’ it did not send relief just in the manner I could have wish’d, yet I should have deserv’d to suffer, had I refus’d what it *did* send. — Make the best on’t, you know, was my plan.”

(Tom was right I believe, Bountly,—there is such a thing as being more delicate than prudent : yet ’twas hard to kill his fellow-refugee, but—) “ Go on, Tom.”

“ I did not immediately eat any of its flesh, but—necessity, gentlemen, as it is the mother of invention, so it lifts us over the straight bounds of custom—I drank its blood with a peculiar flavour, and found it more refreshing than ever I found the richest cordial.

This circumstance, and its effects, so elated my heart, that I almost without thought began singing the twenty-third psalm, ‘ The Lord alone is my support—and him that doth me feed’—but, ere I had
hardly

hardly fung out the first line, what was my surprize to hear a voice hailing me from the other side of the ice rock.—I answer'd it.—It replied again, demanding who I was. "Tom Snell," I replied, "who are you?"——

If I was surprized to hear the voice, I was not a whit less surprized that I got no answer to my question ; nor that during the night, which was now fallen, nothing I could urge could get a reply.

I form'd a thousand wild conjectures on this affair, till my hair sometimes almost heav'd my cap from my head.—However, morning breaking, I determin'd to climb the ice, in order, by getting over to the other side of it, to discover, if possible, whence the voice had proceeded—but my resolution was vain. I could no more climb the steeps of the ice now, than I could before descend to the water.

In truth, gentlemen, notwithstanding the cleft in the ice shelter'd me in some
measure

measure from the wind, and tho' I wrapped myself in the torn sail-cloth as securely as I could, yet my limbs were become so stiff with the cold, that I had barely the use of them.

While I was in this condition, musing on the voice, and almost perishing with cold, a brisk wind waisted the ice, during the course of the day, into a little creek, and jamm'd it firm between two rocks.

I was happy to see land again; tho' its appearance was truly desolate, being little else beside an intersperſion of ſtone and ice. But how to deſcend *from* the ice was now the point to be conſidered.——

I began to exert myſelf; but ſhould have found it impracticable, I believe, to have reach'd the ſhore—had not the ice, which juſt then drew back a little with the wave, return'd with a jerk, which flung the maſt which I before mention'd (and which ſtill hitch'd to the crag) plump over on the rock.—The yard in the ſwing juſt ſheer'd
my

my head, and rested within about two feet from where I stood contriving means to descend.

I immediately laid hold of it, and pass'd thereby to the solid rock, from which I easily got down to the beach.—

But I had scarcely got on plain ground, when at a little distance, at the foot of another rock, who should I see to my astonishment but Browne, that Browne, gentlemen, whom I had occasion to mention to you before, sitting in a posture of the utmost dejection.

Had it been any other person but Browne that then caught my view, the transport I then felt would have been truly the transport of joy; but calling to mind what had so lately pass'd between us, tho' I really lov'd Browne, yet methought I would rather Heaven had appointed any other my companion than he.

It struck me immediately, that his was the voice I had heard when floating on the
ice,

ice, and (so gueſſing from the latter part of his behaviour to me while on board the ſhip) that on my declaring my name, he, from the rigidneſs of his diſpoſition, had reſolved to hold no further converſation with me.

This idea, as I knew his temper, to be ſure could not inſpire me with any great pleaſure on the ſight of him;—’twas a great drawback at leaſt on what I ſhould otherwiſe have felt;—but I have ſaid, my maxim was to make the beſt of things, and I reſolv’d, as in all former ones, to apply it in this inſtance alſo.

I approach’d Browne with the moſt friendly ſolicitude. He ſeem’d to expect me; but the reply I got to my overtures was, “ſtand off, and let me die in peace.”

His ſtrength ſeem’d nearly exhausted, yet, liſting his eyes reproachfully to Heaven, he collected ſo much as to exclaim, “Providence! thro’ my life haſt thou ſet thyſelf againſt me, and even in death art thou implacable ;

placable ; or thou would'st not thus embitter my last moments with the presence of what I most detest—a hypocrite !”

This salute, gentlemen, to be sure was not a very friendly one ; but, instead of raising my indignation, it only mov'd my compassion. “ Dear Browne, said I, thou art wrong ;—for, except to cheat vice of its evil be hypocrisy, Tom Snell is no hypocrite ; neither is Providence implacable—thou shalt see it is kind.—We might have been left yet more desolate, but we are not now without resources.”

I had part of the fowl in my hand which I had caught over night, and in my pocket I had luckily some gun-powder, having several times been employed by the captain to shoot sea-fowl. I gather'd some brushwood that grew in the valley, and taking a handful of very dry grass put among it some gun-powder ; then striking the back of my knife with a hard stone which

which I pick'd up, I soon kindled a fire, and broil'd a piece of my fowl.

I took it to Browne. He at first refused my kindness : but after surveying me over several times with a very penetrating eye, he at length, with much entreaty, condescended to eat. I then, in a shell, of which there were plenty on the beach, got him some water from a spring that ran hard by, and my assiduity to serve him seem'd to remove, by slow degrees, the ill opinion he had conceiv'd of me, till at length being perfectly reviv'd, he became a little conversible. But he could be by no means reconcil'd to his fate, and frequently reproach'd me in bitter terms for my prolonging his wretched life. I endeavour'd to reason him into a pleasanter train of thinking, but in vain ; for tho' I could prevail on him to prolong his life, I could not persuade him to cease murmuring. He seem'd like one, methought, who had enter'd the lists to play at cudgels with Providence :

vidence: if now and then between the *bouts*, as it were, he condeſcended on its proffer, to ſhake hands, yet he ſtill look'd with an eye of ſuſpicion, and in the very act of friendſhip was ready to take arms.

I ſaw I had a very ineligible companion in him; but none know the value of human ſociety ſo well as thoſe who are, or have been, depriv'd of it. I have already ſaid, that I had rather Heaven had allotted me ſome other companion; yet, with all Browne's unpleaſantneſs, gentlemen, I would ſooner, at that moment, have loſt a limb myſelf, than have loſt him. His character was downright melancholy, and that of the worſt kind. I us'd to tell a ſweet-heart I once had, that ſhe was troubled with the white melancholy, for tho' ſhe would be often low-ſpirited, yet ſhe was always as mild as milk; but Browne's, I think, was the black melancholy, wherewithal he was as fretful as ſour ſmall beer. Yet was I as anxious for his exiſtence as for my own.—

Hope

Hope rendered me as assiduous, as despair did him negligent.

The first thing I did was to draw the mast ashore. In the round top was the hatchet I had carried thither. I found it very serviceable. I erected a kind of little tent cover'd with the old sails, and gathering some dry grass we reposed there for the night.—But, tho' it was the summer season, the night was so cold as to induce me next day to go in search of a more comfortable abode. Browne, at my instigation, went with me. I was pleasingly surprized, in many places, at the vast quantity of large birds' eggs with which the clefts of the rocks were filled, and the grassy plots, and the banks of the little rivulets were cover'd.

“See, Browne,” said I, “the bounty of that Providence which thou callest unkind, see how amply, in this barren region, it has provided us with food!”

The sentiment did not fit Browne; he let it pass without a reply.

We now diſcover'd this our bleak land of refuge to be an iſland, or rather rock, or ridge of rocks, about a league and half in circumference.

On the eaſt ſide was a fine ſtream of water which deſcended into the ſea, and form'd a little river :—about two ſtones caſt from the beach we met with a cave or vault in the ſide of a rocky hill, whoſe ſummit was then cover'd with ſnow. This hole, at the entrance, was about four feet high, but within roſe to double that height, and form'd a cave of about eight feet every way. 'Twas juſt ſuch a place as I could have wiſh'd ; when I found that, the iſland being uninhabited, we could expect no accommodation but that of nature.

We immediately returned to our tent, and, by Browne's aſſiſtance, I remov'd the materials of which it was compos'd to the cave. I then made a fire as before, and roaſted ſome eggs for our dinner, which we eat with a good appetite—I ſhould

should rather have spoken of myself, for Browne could scarcely tell how to accommodate himself to such unseason'd fare, and mere hunger induc'd him to feed at all.

We now proceeded to lay in a good quantity of dried grafs to make us a bed, and having at night made a brisk fire to warm the cave (which it did like an oven) I raked the ashes over the embers, and securing the door with the yards, &c. we slept comfortably till morning.

The next and following days we spent in fetching the remainder of the mast from the rock, which being nearly a mile distant, and the way extremely rugged, was a work of great labour for us; but Browne, when once engag'd in a thing, prosecuted it with spirit; but he perpetually wanted some one to set him a-going, for the moment he was inactive his despondency return'd, and he would even resolve to endeavour no more: but these resolves I always took

ſome critical moment to encounter, when the calls of nature ſeconding my perſuaſion, I generally prevailed.

I ſhall not trouble you with a deſcription of the pains I took to render our cave as comfortable as poſſible, nor the many times I climbed the rocks to view the ſea, in hopes of ſeeing ſome veſſel that might relieve us from our ſolitude. But, alas ! we knew not then that we were out of all navigable paths. Nor ſhall I recount to you the hours we ſpent in viewing an immense deſolate coaſt which ſpread to the north and eaſt of our iſland, at about the diſtance of a league, and where we endeavour'd to diſcover ſome trace of human inhabitants ; but in vain. The pointed rocks ſeemed piled one on another up to the very heavens, their deſcents loaded with ice, and their ſummits wrapped in ſnow. Not a ſingle tree reared its head, nor a green plot relieved the eye, thro' all the dreary ſcene. It ſeemed to be the ruin-

ous

ous region whence winter furnished itself with horrors, wherewith, in its season, to desolate the whole earth.

Browne, ever ready to think the worst, judged this coast to be Spitzberg, or some other equally inhospitable clime; but I, from what I could guess by the length of the days (for I had a little smattering of geography) concluded we were not quite so far north.

In this manner we lived about a month, satisfying our hunger mostly with eggs, which were our daily bread; but sometimes with a fowl, which I found means to catch in a pit-fall, and often with a kind of little herrings, which were so plenty in some places round the shores, and so insensible of danger, that we could pull them out of the water by hundreds.

One morning, Browne and I climbing the rocks over our dwelling, with our usual intention of viewing the sea, Browne happening to look behind him, instantly exclaim'd,

exclaimed, "Heavens! Snell, we ſhall now be murder'd!"

Looking eagerly to diſcover the cauſe of his dread, I beheld ſeveral little boats, working round the ſouthermoſt point of the coaſt I mentioned, which ſpread into the ſea to the north-eaſt of our iſland.—Prudence induced us to conceal ourſelves in the cleft of a rock, to watch their motions.

Some of them ſtopped along the rocks of the coaſt, and ſome few ſteered for, and halted at ſome iſlands, or rather rocks, that were interſperſed between our iſland and the main.

We watched them till mid-day was paſt, when ſeveral of them again moved round the point, and retired from our view; and as none of the others approached our iſland, and hunger reminding us of the neceſſity of recruiting our ſpirits, we ventured down, as privately as poſſible, to procure ſome proviſions;—every
now

now and then, however, stealing up the rock, to take a view of the sea.

I had just broiled some fish, and was going to see for Browne, who had gone up the rock for a view, when he came rushing precipitately down, exclaiming, "the savages were come."

I retired with him to some distance, taking the hatchet in my hand, and mounting an eminence, saw a boat putting into the creek, with but one person in it, and who paddled it along with seeming ease.

The dexterity, together with the appearance of the person, so worked on my fancy, that I did not consider, that while I *saw* I could likewise *be seen*, till the savage evidently eyed me.

This quickened me to a sense of my folly ;—but as it was in vain now to retire, and as the circumstance struck me to be favourable on this ground, namely, that as there was but *one*, it would be easier either to secure the person, or gain the friendship

ſhip of that *one*, than of *many*, I, on ſeeing the ſavage about to put the boat again from the ſhore, darted forward, without unfolding myſelf at all to Browne, who was curſing his fate behind the rock, and, in an inſtant, running to the beach, beckoned, in the poſture of ſupplication, to have the boat brought cloſe in.

A ſavage I had not before obſerved now appeared in the boat. The two ſeemed to hold a converſation together, meanwhile the ſwell of the ſea waſted the boat cloſe along ſhore.

Thoſe I have called, and whom at firſt I conſidered as ſavages, on a nearer view appeared to have nothing ſavage about them but their dreſs; and that, perhaps, only appeared barbarous from my being unaccuſtomed to it. It was entirely of furs, but its ſhape ſo odd, that I ſhall not trouble you with a deſcription of it. You muſt think I was pleaſingly ſurprized to find theſe dreaded ſavages to be, inſtead of

of bearded cannibals, two young, inoffensive women: their stature middle-sized their complexions tolerably fair, and their hair sandy.

This appearance dissipated *my* apprehension, and I was now anxious to calm *theirs*.

I laid down my hatchet on the beach; and, to convince them I had no hostile intention, I put myself wholly into their power, by stepping into their boat.

I approach'd her with the paddle. There was something in her countenance that best pleas'd me. I kneeled before her—She smiled—I took one of her hands, and bowed my head on it—She laughed—I kissed it—She seemed pleased.

The other all this while was examining my dress, more especially my buckles. I observed it, and proffer'd them to her.—She declined them; and a conversation ensued between the two, to what purport I then knew not; but presently she, with
the

the paddle, made signs for me to lie down.—I did so.—She put her foot on my breast, and spoke something to the other.—She then made motions for me to rise, then to kneel, then to sit, and at every change of posture, renewed her discourse with her companion.

At length she pointed for me to quit the boat.—I put on an air of sorrow, and again took her hand and kissed it, in an attitude of supplication. She, however, still pointed to the shore, and I at length obeyed, and, quitting the boat, seated myself, with my arms folded, very disconsolately on the rock.

Another conversation now ensued between the two women, the result of which was, that they fastened their boat to the rock, and came ashore themselves.

I sat still. They approached me; and she who had held the paddle, and who appeared to be the eldest of the two, seating herself beside me, put her hand in a kind of bag, which hung
at

at her side, and gave me from thence a piece of dried fish, and an odd kind of four berries.—I did not hesitate to eat. She eat too, and seemed pleased that I accepted her offers.

I now made signs to them, that I had a companion. They seemed alarmed, and were hastening to their boat; but I had the art to allure them back again, and to induce them to go with me to where Browne was concealed.

He was very fullen and unsociable, reproached me for my imprudence, and, instead of soothing those he had called savages, turned loathfully from them, and walked away.

I was truly vexed, and alarmed for the consequence of such behaviour; but what I was afraid would disgust *both*, had the contrary effect on the youngest of my new acquaintance.—For she followed Browne, smiled in his face, took his hand, gave him some berries, and seemed in an instant so fond, that I could not but conclude

his perſon had caught her fancy; and, indeed, Browne was as fine a young fellow as one ſhould ſee.

In ſhort, Sirs, ſhe followed him ſo long, till ſhe brought him back, in a great meaſure, eaſed of his ill-humour. Indeed, he muſt himſelf have been a ſavage, had he not yielded to her blandiſhments.

And now an hour or more had elapſed, when another converſation took place between the two females, which ended by their going to ſearch the rocks for eggs, which they carried to their boat. In this employ we aſſiſted them, and ſoon procured as many as they wiſhed for.

Being now about to depart, they gave us all the dried fiſh and berries they had, and the eldeſt, taking off her upper garment, put it on me, and, fetching a ſkin from the boat, made ſigns for me to lie on it. I motioned to go with them, being inſpired thereto by their unexpected civility; but they ſhook their heads, and gave

me to understand they must not permit it; but signified they would come again the next day.

And now they departed; the youngest leaving her outer garment for Browne, as the eldest had for me.

We watched them to another rock, between us and the main, where they halted some time; and then, being there joined by two other boats, they retired by the way they came, namely, behind the eastern promontory.

After they were gone, it may reasonably be concluded, we had sufficient employment in forming conjectures, and communicating them to each other, on this event; Browne still prognosticating evil, and I endeavouring to deduce good therefrom. However, in this we agreed, that the persons and manners of these females answered to no description of savages that inhabited any of the northern regions; as they were more decent, more fair, their features
more

more agreeable, and their behaviour more civilized, than any we had heard of.

But what puzzled us most to account for was, that two of that weak sex should *alone* venture so far in a boat, and be so well acquainted with all the exercises necessary to the management of it.

But, in this circumstance, the hand of Providence, though we did not *then* discover it, interposed, in a peculiar manner, for our safety ; for it would have been impossible for us, unassisted, to have wintered in that inhospitable clime ; and had our retreat been discovered by men, instead of women, on whose softer constitutions my blandishments had all the effect I could have wished, we had certainly, as we afterwards found, been sacrificed to a custom introduced in these regions by necessity, and still continued by policy.

Next day."—But here Tom's narrative was interrupted by a summons to dinner ; which ended, he proceeded.

" Next

“Next day, early, we observed the boats as before, and in about two hours the same two young women again rowed into the creek.

I immediately went to meet them. They seemed vastly pleased. They brought several skins with them, with a large and a small vessel of stone that would bear the fire, a piece of meat which appeared to be beef, some dried fish, and a large quantity of the four berries, together with a knife made of bone.

They were no sooner landed than they made signs to be shown where was our place of abode, for, through distrust, I had forborne the day before to shew them our cave; but I now no longer hesitated. I led them to our cell.

At first they seemed pleased with it;—but, seeing it lie so open towards the sea, and seeing the mast and the sail-cloth (at which they much wondered, as well as at the textures of our dress) they seemed dissatisfied.

dissatisfied. However, they set on the meat, in the stone vessel, over the fire, where, having boiled it a considerable time, they poured the water from it, and set it in the same vessel, on a stone, to be eaten, having first poured over it a little sea-water, which they fetched in a shell. The other stone vessel which they had brought was replenished with fresh water.

On a skin on the floor they spread the dry'd fish and four berries, and then invited us, with the countenances of self-approbation, to sit down to their feast.

I complied instantly, desiring Browne to do the same, and to appear at least pleased with their cookery. Indeed, had the sea-water been spared, I could have relished the treat exceedingly, as the dressing, circumstances considered, was decent. However, as it *was*, by eating the four berries with the meat (which served as a kind of pickle, and took off something of the disagreeableness of the
sea-

sea-water) and the eating of which with our meat, was following the example of our cooks, I made a hearty meal.

But Browne could not so suit himself to the occasion; he often murmured; but I prevailed on him, in some degree, to save appearances, and I played my own part so well, as to make the girls happy in the idea that they had hit our tastes.

During our repast I learned the names of our visitants; she who seemed most attached to me, and who was the eldest of the two, called herself Erig. The other, and whose attention was evidently engrossed by Browne, was called Gulna.

And now I asked them the names of a variety of things, which I wrote down on some large shells with Browne's pencil; by which means I was soon able to make them understand me, and also enabled myself in a greater measure to understand them.

Our meal was no sooner ended, than they went to work to clear away the ashes

which we had thrown juſt without the mouth of our cave. Theſe they carried and threw into the rivulet, making ſigns that we ſhould always do the ſame.

They then filled up the path-way to our cave with rugged ſtones, which they found on the ſide of the rock, in order, as they informed us, to prevent our footſteps from being traced; and laſtly, they filled up our door-way to a hole of about two feet, at the ſame time placing ſome large ſtones juſt within the entrance, that, on an emergence, we might fill it up quite.

This they executed, or rather directed us to execute, in ſo rude and artleſs a manner, that it looked rather like a fallen rock than the effects of deſign.

This finiſhed, they, as they did the day before, went again to gathering eggs, in which we aſſiſted them.

Before they went away they gave us to underſtand, that poſſibly ſome other perſons might viſit our iſland, that, therefore,
we

we should keep a good look-out, and, on descrying the approach of a boat, we should retire to our cave; nor venture from thence but on a certain signal given, which was to be a kind of musical cry of three notes.

All these preliminaries being settled, and which proved to us a likelihood of danger, as well as an uncommon solicitude on the part of these females, for our safety, Erig led me to the beach, where, as Gulna and Browne (who had taken a different path) were not yet arrived, she indulged herself in many insinuating gambols. She began with minutely examining my dress. She would then take off my hat, smooth my hair with her fingers, and place her fur cap on my head, laughing at the oddity of my figure. She would then take my hand, and dance round me, singing a rude kind of half-sung, half-said song. Then, affecting a degree of shame, she would quit my

E 2 hand,

hand, and sheer off, leering at me, as much as to say—" *Will* you let me go?"

In this case I always ran after her. Then she would run, and when I overtook her (for she did not run far), she would affect a faint struggle before she would indulge me with a kiss; the meaning of which she seemed no stranger to.

In this manner—But I shall tire you, gentlemen.—I will, therefore, only say, that her behaviour altogether convinced me that she eyed me with the eyes of an affection which, in my present circumstances, I had no mind to discourage, as I looked on its production as an uncommon exertion of Providence in my favour; in short, though her assiduities and blandishments could not touch my heart, yet there was something so frank, so natural, so novel, in the manners of this young woman, as really so far engaged my fancy as to suspend my anxieties, and to inspire me with a very sincere regard for her.

And

And now, Browne and Gulna being likewise arrived at the beach, after some little time our guests departed.

On comparing notes with Browne, I found Gulna had been practising the same means to ingratiate herself in Browne's affection as Erig had in mine; but he, from a principle of what he called honour, seemed resolved to check her advances.

"What untoward tricks," exclaimed he, "does fortune play me!—How am I degraded in being the object of such an unworthy attachment!"

"Degraded!" replied I, "say rather, thou art lucky, in this lonely situation, to have engaged the affection of one whom (if thou dost not reject its proffer) Providence has, perhaps, designed to soften those miseries which its wisdom saw not fit to prevent."

"Snell," replied he, "thy ideas are gross; thou hast not a conception of a corrected sentiment."

"Browne,"

"Browne," said I, "I have a conception though, that thou art more nice than wife. Heaven condescends to sugar the physic it gives thee, yet thou refusest its kind design.—What, though thou canst not return the love of this nymph of Nature, yet thou surely canst so demean thyself as to flatter her desires, seeing thy own good depends upon it."

"Urge me no further," replied he, peevishly, "I hate nothing like duplicity, I can endure misery, but not meanness!"

"Browne," said I, "thy notions are more than delicate, they are squeamish. However, I have one point further to urge with thee—Do'st think I, by my attention to, and anxiety for thee, am entitled to any return? If I am, since thy notions are so nice as to set at nought the claim of every selfish consideration, let me see what proof thou wilt give me of thy friendship; for I will not hurt thee by mentioning gratitude. 'Tis not thy own
fate

fate only depends on thy behaviour to this girl, but *mine* also. Were there any thing criminal in the case I would be silent, but I urge thee to nothing more than to save appearances; and would'st thou, Browne, requite my affection for thee, by sacrificing me to an overstrained notion?"

He did not answer me. I knew his romantic turn, and therefore advanced a romantic argument, and I saw, that for the present, at least, I had gained my point.

The next day, the wind being brisk, and the sea running high, we saw no boats; —But the third day a great number appeared, three of which we soon beheld steering for our island. We accordingly retreated to our cave, and after having first haled in the malt, &c. filled up the entrance with the stones, placed there for that purpose.

We soon after heard the voices of men and women; but no one came near our retirement

tirement for some hours, when at length we heard the voice of Gulna at the entrance. I removed the stones, and was creeping out—She pushed me back again, and laying down some meat and dried fish, made signs that her companions, who came there to catch the small fish that swarmed in the creek, were just embarking, and that if she staid at all, she should be missed and sought for. Having made me understand this, and taken a peep at Browne, to whom she gave a handful of berries, away she tripped.

Next day, and for several successive days, we were served in the same manner; sometimes Erig, and sometimes Gulna, calling on us previous to the departure of the little fleet, which now failed not to fish in our creek four or five hours every day, and always leaving us some refreshment.

At length the girls came again by themselves early in the morning, bringing with them a variety of eatables as dainties, most of which were unknown to us, and not over
pala-

palatable, together with implements for fishing and catching birds.

There was no boat but theirs, this day, hove in sight of our island, the others, our guests informed us, were busied in fishing, &c. on islands the other side of the eastern Peninsula. In consequence of which, they seemed much more at ease with us than on any former occasion; rambling with us about the island, and displaying so much good-humour, as even inspired Browne with some degree of cheerfulness.

Towards evening they were preparing to depart; but the wind, which had been fresh all the afternoon now blew a storm, which forbade their putting out. They seemed quite disconcerted, but there was no alternative—They must spend the night with us.

Gulna, who was already in the boat, seemed loth to quit it; but Erig, hastening to where I stood, viewing the sea, flung herself on her knees before me, in the same attitude

attitude I assumed before her when I first beheld her, and with tears in her eyes, seemed to beg I would not take advantage of the occasion to her injury.

There was such a visible concern, and modesty in her deportment, that, though not much used to the melting mood, my eyes filled with moisture. She saw it, and with satisfaction arose and wiped them; seeming to take it for granted that I had understood, and complied with her request.

Indeed, at that moment, tho' Erig was not void of charms, wherewith to stimulate desire in a young fellow, I fully determined never to attempt the destruction of that modesty which so pleased me; but human revolution is a frail thing, gentlemen, and never frailer than when formed against the temptation of woman.—Erig was a woman, young, gentle and fond, and opportunity was insidious; but I will add nothing more on this subject, than that, when she departed, (which was not till the fourth day; the

the east wind having waisted so much ice between the islands, that till then it was impracticable) she departed with much greater reluctance than did her sister Gulna; and though I could guess in part the reason of this, yet I knew not the whole till some time after.

This action is the only one I have to censure myself for through all my adventures; and I hope the frankness wherewith I acknowledge this, will entitle me to your excuse. Though I have often thought that Providence punished me for this affair in some succeeding circumstances, more especially in depriving me soon after of my companion Browne. At least, you may conclude from these reflections, that my judgment, or, if you please, my conscience condemned the action.

After this, our nymphs continued to visit us, sometimes every day, sometimes twice or thrice a week, as they could make it convenient, for the space of two months, during

during which time we had learned so much of their language, and they of ours, that by the help of the mixture, we could make each other pretty well sensible of our sentiments.

But now the summer was on the decline, and our lasses, every time they visited us, seemed more and more distressed.—Erig, at length told me with tears, that it would soon be impossible for them to come to us, or afford us any assistance, as the summer was the only season wherein they could possibly reach the island on account of the ice, and that they dared not to take us to their home, as their people never suffered a stranger to live among them.

The girls were evidently unhappy, and the prospect to us was truly comfortless. But what was to be done?—We mutually lamented, but concluded on nothing ;—and the next time, and the next, was to be the period when something was still to be determined ; till, at length, a whole week elapsed, without

without our receiving one visit from our kind condolers; partly owing to bad weather, and partly owing to a cause I shall inform you of presently.

On the eighth day, the weather being favourable, we saw three boats coming towards us carrying several persons.

The sight did not alarm us; but we, as usual on such occasions, retired to our cave, and secured its entrance.

We had not been there an hour, when we heard the signal for our opening our concealment, as agreed on between us and the young women, fairly and distinctly pronounced,—but by a male voice.

Though I was a little staggered at this, I however presently resolved to venture out.—Browne ever presaging evil, opposed my resolution; but I persisted, as I was convinced that, our residence being known, to remain a while longer concealed would be to no purpose; and, to stand on the defensive, a dangerous boldness; as it might
excite

excite ill-treatment, where none perhaps was intended.

I therefore removed some of the stones and crept out, when, I beheld at a little distance, a young man clothed in furs (not unlike our friends, the young women) with curling reddish hair.

So soon as he observed me, he put one hand to his forehead, and approached me, holding out the other.—I made use of the same ceremony, and meeting him, took his proffered hand; at which he seemed pleased. He then pointed to two other older men who stood at a distance, and told me, as well as he could make me understand, that they were come by the direction of Erig and Gulna (who were his sisters) to fetch us to their habitation—taking much pains, at the same time, to assure me, partly by signs, and partly by words, that no harm was intended us.

The other two men, now approaching, confirmed what he said; but I did not much
like

like their looks. They were hard-featured boney men, with very bushy beards, and had something rather subtle than candid in their appearance.

However, as the young man seemed to be of a different cast, and in short, as there was no alternative, I readily yielded, with as cheerful a countenance as I could assume; desiring Browne to comply in the same manner: He, as I expected from his usual apprehensions, execrated the idea, and refused to acquiesce. He, however, came out of the cave at my entreaty, but stood in a posture of defence, with the hatchet in his hand.

The young man seemed astonished, and I saw the eyes of the elder flash with indignation.

“Browne,” said I, “how inconsistent thou art with thyself!—*Thou* tired of life indeed!—Why, thou art far more apprehensive of losing it than *I* am, who really wish to preserve it. If death be our
3 doom,

doom, let us meet it in the way of Providence, not seek it on the shelves of Folly. Nothing worse can possibly accrue to us from leaving this place, than from abiding in it; and there is the hope, at least, that death may await us, on a removal, divested of the terrors of famine."

While I said this, I approached, and with a gentle force wrested the hatchet from him, and, with the most suitable carriage I could adapt, gave it into the hands of the young savage, who was delighted with the tender, and eyed it curiously, as did also the older ones.

Browne was absolutely wild at this overture; but I pacified him by my arguments, and we soon after repaired to the beach, where were the boats, and three more men waiting the return of their companions.

We now stepped into one of the boats, and put off on a voyage we knew not whither: and you must think, though I was willing to hope the best, and put a good face on it

to

to Browne, yet the novelty of the adventure, and the uncertainty of the event, gave my feelings very awkward and unpleasant turn-overs. And what made them unpleasant, at length, almost to a degree of desperation, was this:

When we were about half a mile from the shore, the third boat, which then appeared from behind a projecting point of land, approached us, and on some trifling pretence, coming close along-side of us, one of the men in our boat, taking Browne at unawares, tiffed him plump into the other boat; whilst another man, at the same instant, clapt a bandage over my eyes, and confined my arms to the boat-side.

There was something so insidious in this circumstance, that I cannot describe to you the sensations it occasioned me at that moment, they were such a mixture of surprise, indignation, and despair.

However, after a while I grew more composed, and (for conscience ever probes

its wound on an adverse occasion) acknowledging, that for a recent transgression I deserved punishment, I resigned myself into the chastening hands of Heaven, not doubting but I should find justice tempered with mercy.

In about two hours I was loosened from the boat, and had a bandage put round my body, under my arms, my hands and eyes being still confined; and thus I was drawn up what seemed to me to be a rugged, and from the time I was ascending, a lofty rock, expecting every moment to be precipitated down again, and dashed to pieces; so that once, or twice, I believe I roared out with the horrors of my imagination. But my fears were relieved, when I found my feet again on firm ground, and heard the voice of the young savage, bidding me not be afraid. Presently after I heard the grumblings of Browne, who was cursing his fate in all the rant of tragedy. I found, on accosting him, that he was precisely in the same predicament as myself.

We

We were now led along a rough road for a considerable time, till at length the number of voices were evidently increased, and a crowd of young, and old, men, women and children, were gathered about us.

We still proceeded, till at last the voices of the multitude were only heard at a distance. We now stooped a while, and soon after, being again led a few steps, the bandages were taken from our eyes, and we found ourselves before a number of old men, all alike dressed in furs, with bushy beards, who were assembled in a large, but low room, built, in a rude manner, with rough stones, and, round the lower part, hung or lined with skins.

The men were seated, some on the floor, and some on benches, covered also with skins.

After they had one and all satisfied their curiosity in examining our dress, one of the oldest of the men put some questions to

the young man (Erig's brother) who accompanied us, which he answered, frequently pointing to me with looks of satisfaction. Some questions were then put to the other two, his companions, which they likewise replied to, but not without darting sometimes an indignant look at Browne, whose behaviour I readily guessed had disgusted them: and, in the end, one of them stepped out, and fetched the hatchet which I had taken from Browne, and presented to Erig's brother.

This was new matter for wonder, and, I saw too, matter for resentment. An altercation ensued, which grew very warm, and in which Erig's brother particularly seemed to labour, with all his address, to carry some point, which was as vehemently contested by some others.

At length he retired, visibly chagrined; but in a short time returned again, in company with an old man, whose dress differed from that of all the rest; his upper coat or
cloak

cloak being all of white fur, whereas the furs in which the others were clothed, were mostly spotted, or black.

The whole assembly put their hand to their forehead at the approach of this personage, and he, in return, holding out his hand, put his two forefingers across. Then, having muttered a few words, he took his seat with the rest.

The debate was now renewed with great vehemence, though the presence of the white furs, seemed, in some degree, to restrain that excess which appeared before; their wearer listening to the disputants attentively, at the same time eying us curiously;—at length he stood up, and seeming to make many remarks on us, at last urged something so persuasively, that it was evident he united the divisions of the assembly; but we were yet to learn what was determined on, and being soon after again blindfolded and led away, you may guess

the conclusions we drew were not very flattering.

We were now led to a considerable distance, and at length, being again restored to sight, found ourselves in a large room or vault, built, like the other, rudely of massive stones, with only one entrance, and no window, unless a hole in the roof (which was pretty high) could be called a window; but which served to little other purpose than to let out the smoke of a fire, which burned in a large stone trough in the middle of the room.

The old man I last mentioned, came in soon after our eyes were uncovered, and, with an affable countenance, gave us to understand, by signs, that we were in an apartment of his house, and that we had nothing to fear.—He likewise gave us some refreshments, which we began to stand in need of, and seemed pleased that I was able to call several things by names which he understood. He immediately began to repeat
the

the names of every thing we saw, and was highly satisfied when he found we remembered them; and this, with endeavouring to hold discourse with us, was his principal employment for the space of three weeks, during which time, though we were treated humanely, we were closely imprisoned, and strictly guarded, day and night.

But, what surpris'd us most of all was, that during this time, we never saw either Erig, or Gulna, or their brother; though many others were led by curiosity every day to visit us.

I often asked the meaning of this; at first by signs, and after, as I acquired something of the language, by words; but the old man's information amounted to nothing more, than that we must have patience.

Had it not been for our confinement, and the suspicion which that consequently begat, we (at least I) should have pass'd our time agreeably enough in observing the manners of these people.

One

One thing particularly attracted our notice which I will mention here, though I could not *then* account for such a custom among them, neither could Browne, who was much better read in difficult things than I.—It was this: the old personage, in whose house we were, never left the room where we were confined, but he laid two fish-bones 'across each other, close by the door.—Whenever he entered, he took them up, and replaced them again when he retired. Nor did he, or any one else, ever step over them; but waited till they were removed before they presumed to enter. Indeed, this custom at first led us to conjecture, that these people must have had some commerce with the Europeans; but a few days induced us to alter our opinion. For, about the fourth week of our confinement, the old man, with several others, came in, very formally, and acquainted us that we had been under his care thus long, in order that we might improve that smattering we had before gained
of

of their language, so far as to enable us to understand the reasons of their proceedings with us : that, it was a principle taught their forefathers, by the great *Kretum*, whom they worshipped, *that man should not set his foot on the neck of man ; but should speak to each other, face to face, even—‘ Thus dost thou, and thus do I.’*—That we must now appear again before the assembly, and hear their determination, which, he doubted not, would *give us to walk in the light of Heaven ; unless we refused their counsel.* But, as that was not yet resolved, we must again submit, for private reasons, to have our eyes bound.

We were now led away, and when our eyes were again loosened, we found ourselves before the same assembly where we first appeared.

The old man had again on his white furs, which we judged was some official dress, as we had seen him in them only here. He sat as before in the midst of the assembly, and beside him now sat a person-
age

age in black furs, with an old rusty weapon, something like an old-fashioned scimeter, stuck in his girdle.

After a few minutes silence, the last mentioned personage stood up, and directing his discourse to us, said—

“Strangers—you now understand my words; I am therefore here to speak to you. —It was the will of the great *Kretum*, that you should know our laws, and not suffer like dogs without knowing wherefore.—It was also the will of the great *Kretum*, that when two of our laws contended with each other, we should restrain that which fought for blood.—One of our laws would drink *your* blood. Ever since the wars of our forefathers with the *Kraellens*, it has subsisted, *that no stranger should know our residence, and live.* The world is grown old since necessity first established this law among us. We would fain live unknown, otherwise, would the shoals of the ravenous swallow

us up, as they did our forefathers, beyond the white mountains.

‘ This law, demands your lives. You have beguiled our frailer part, and discovered our secret; and, it was the first voice of this assembly that you were dead men. But it was a bright day for you, which discovered to us, that, in fulfilling this law, we ourselves should have broken another, whose words ye shall hear: *He who deflowers a virgin, shall cover her shame; and he who begets a child, shall teach its feet the path of life. Cursed be he that trips up the heels of the father, for the footsteps of the son shall be unfirm.*

‘ This law, faces the law of death. It looks friendly upon you, and you are safe under its countenance.

‘ Erig and Gulna have confessed their frailty, and therein you find your safeguard. We have measured our laws;—we have also consulted the voice of the *Kretum*. It is not severe; we have felt our

‘our own breasts too—they are not all
‘bone. We are *men*, not *Kraellens*;
‘neither have you the faces of *Kraellens*. We
‘would wish to think you our *cousins*, the
‘sons of our *great uncles*, over the great
‘Whale Brook: and therefore we are wil-
‘ling, that you shall henceforward be our
‘*brothers*.’—

Having said this, with an air as though he was doing us such a favour as could not but meet our acceptance; without waiting our answer, Erig and Gulna were called in.

They immediately came, attended by an elderly man, whom we guessed to be their father, and who, being demanded, whether he would suffer the strangers to wipe away the stain from his forehead, replied very sententially—“Truly, it were but fair, that he who mischievously renders a boat leaky, should himself put to sea in it.”

But, not to be too particular in the questions and replies, Erig and Gulna
were

were now each separately called on to claim her man. All this followed so immediately one on the other, that we had only an opportunity of evincing our surprise by our looks. Indeed, not being ready in the language, and the speakers using very odd phrases, though I could, *on recollection*, make out the whole very well, yet at *the time*, I was not a little puzzled to guess their drift; and Browne, I believe, much more so: for, through his habitual despondency, he had neglected to acquire so much of the language even as I had.—However, he understood enough to alarm him. And the succeeding action of Erig and Gulna, who, accompanied by their brother, and assuming the prettiest looks they could, now approached to take our hands, confirmed both his suspicions and my own.

Browne now, quite beside himself, instead of suffering his Dulcinea to perform her fond purpose, pushed her violently from him, with looks of indignant horror.

Nor

Nor could I, though, as I have said before, I made it a point to suit myself to *the occasion*, as far in general as I could; yet I could not bring myself readily to coincide with *this*. I felt a strong repugnance to the being adopted by these uncouth people, and particularly to the having a wife thus thrust upon me; though I could not pretend to argue against the justice of the deed.

In short, though I put a better face on this repugnance than Browne, yet I could not so conceal it, but it would be visible.

The assembly seemed so little to expect this behaviour from us, that, for the *first* moment, they were mute through evident astonishment; but the *next* they were in a flame, vengeance being demanded on us from all quarters, and we were now sternly told, that the same law which gave us life, on the terms proposed, had, on our refusal, pronounced our death.

We

We were already seized to be led off, when I made a motion to be heard (in spite of Browne, who, in his tragedy airs, seemed rather to defy death than endeavour to avoid it).—The assembly seemed inclined to listen, and I told, or rather attempted to tell them, as well as I could, in broken terms, that our case was so extraordinary, that we were hardly, on such a sudden, masters of our own judgments.

I endeavoured, too, to amuse them with an account of our misfortunes; but they would hear nothing on that head, having already learnt our story from Erig and Gulna. However, I did not easily desist from attempting to move their compassion, and shake their resolution; but my labour was fruitless, they were not to be wrought upon, though otherwise, I must say (not to mention equity), an appearance of considerateness seemed to precede all their motions, far beyond what I could have expected.

Indeed,

Indeed, I seemed acting against my conscience all the while I was endeavouring to evade their determination.

Erig too stood by me.

"Ah, Snell!" said she; and the tear stood in her eye.

I felt the whole of her accusation; and had I been again urged to it, I believe I should *then* have accepted the terms proposed; but the old man in white, whom I always found to be a humane man, and ever my friend, taking advantage of the hint I had thrown out, soon brought the whole assembly to assent to our being allowed to deliberate on their terms of grace till the next day. They assented, 'tis true; but the countenances of several shewed with what cordiality.

We were not now had back to our old habitation, but led down into a rude roomy vault adjoining to the assembly-house, and there left without any fire or light, except what glimmered through the door-

door-way, which was strongly barricadoed with large stones.

Here Browne immediately began to exclaim at his fate in the most heightened terms; to curse the hour of his birth, and invoke death as a friend.

Nor was I at first altogether composed; but having mused things over a while, my usual temper returned, and I could not but acknowledge the justice of an overruling Power, who having tried me, and found me, after repeated trials, not yet what I should have been, had punished me only in such a manner as to convince me its justice was still tempered with mercy: for it might have taken my life without any terms; whereas it only obliged me to take openly to my arms her whom I had not forborne to take secretly.

Considering the circumstance then as the award of a just Providence, could my determination be long in forming. There was another girl, 'tis true, whose remem-

brance ran strangely in my head, and gave my heart some very severe twitches, poor Betfy Freeman ;—but I had been naughty, and did not deserve so fair a gift at the hands of Heaven. So I even determined to be submissive, and make my peace by accepting that which was offered. There was a kind of despondency, though, I own, mixed with this resolution: “ I shall never see dear England again,” said I, “ and then what does it signify where I am, or with whom I spend my days.”—However, this despair was so much like a resignation, that, at the time, I persuaded myself it was really so ; and, I hope, Heaven accepted it as such ; the Maker of man cannot expect that of him which he has not given him.

Having made up my own mind on this affair, I began to encounter Browne’s execrations : by endeavouring to persuade him that our circumstance was a *mercy* and not a *punishment*.

“ Not

“Not a punishment!” exclaimed he,
“What, marry a savage!”—No:—Death,
in its most dreadful shape, were a thousand
times preferable!”

“Browne,” said I, “I have often told
thee thou art more nice than wise, and
——”

“Snell,” interrupted he, “thou dost
‘not know me. My heart has long been
‘bursting, and this stroke tears it in sun-
‘der.” “Thou dost not know me,”
‘repeated he, in a softened tone, “Thou
‘blamest my despair; but ten minutes
‘shall justify me even in *thy* judgment.

‘My father was a gentleman; he gave
‘me a complete, a refined education;
‘squandered away his wealth, died, and
‘left me a beggar.

‘I loved the daughter of a gentleman
‘of family and fortune; she, alas! too, lov’d
‘me; but the loss of my expectations for-
‘bad me to aspire to her. However, we
‘agreed that I should endeavour, by some

‘ means, to recover the favour of fortune.
‘ tune.

‘ My education, and predilection for
‘ study, pointed me to the church ; but I
‘ soon discovered *that* was not the path
‘ of riches, as I wanted friends, and
‘ could not submit to the common method
‘ of gaining them, adulation.

‘ I had a kinsman in the East-Indies.
‘ I resolved to visit these golden shores,
‘ with the alone idea, that a surplus of their
‘ abundance might enable me to claim my
‘ Emily.

‘ I set sail with this hope ; but was ship-
‘ wrecked on the coast of Brazil ; and, by
‘ a train of misfortunes which, how I have
‘ deserved, I know not, I was, at length,
‘ obliged to work as a common sailor ;
‘ and, in this capacity, after many adventures
‘ which still proved unfortunate, I
‘ arrived again in England.

‘ I there privately learned that my
‘ Emily was still single, and that she had
‘ resolved

‘ resolved to remain so, in spite of the per-
‘ suasions of her family to the contrary.

‘ This was a fresh spur to me ; but my
‘ relation in the Indies was dead. I had an
‘ aunt in Georgia ; her husband had been a
‘ merchant ; she was now a widow, and child-
‘ less. I resolved to go thither. I accordingly
‘ got what credentials I could, and again
‘ ventured on the treacherous sea, and
‘ oh—

‘ Twas in that fatal and perfidious bark,

‘ Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark :

‘ Which, casting me on this ill-omened
‘ coast, has thrown me quite out of the
‘ reach of hope ; hope, happiness, and
‘ Emily, all at one cast ! O, Providence,
‘ how have I deserved these severities !”

“ Be calm, Browne,” said I, “ and I will
tell thee how thou hast deserved them.
Thou, if I may judge by what I have
known of thee, hast been too much ad-
dicted to repining. When a child is cor-
rected,

rected, if he take it patiently, he generally has the less of it. Come, come, let me see thee, for once, shake hands with the occasion; and, since it is a needs must, do it with a good grace. Times may turn yet. Let us take what favour is offered us, though it be not just what we would choose!"

"Never, never!" exclaimed he, indignantly,—“O, Emily! 'twere prophana-tion!"

"Romance!" said I, "surely the embrace of Gulna would no more profane thy love *here*, than in the island we so lately quitted?"

"Base detractor!" returned he, "What would'st thou insinuate!—Do'st think the man whose bosom is full of the idea of the delicate Emily, could ever take to his arms *another*?—much less a savage!"

My mouth was closed. I thought I had been in love myself; but I now found *my* love,

love, if it was as natural, was not so refined as Browne's.

"Well, Browne," said I, "be that as 'twill, it was surely out of love to thee that Gulna accused thee of a connexion with her; and, if the accusation be false, 'tis what, however, will save thy life."

"But it kills my honour!" said he.

"Honour!" said I, "who will know any thing of the matter?"

"I shall," said he, "I valued myself on the purity of my love, on the immaculacy of my virtue, and I cannot support its traduction, though by the mouth of a savage."

"Humph!" thought I, "if this be refinement, I do not wish to experience it. —I, it seems, have not come up to the line of rectitude; Browne, methinks, steps over it."

In discourses of this kind the day wore away, and the night hastened after it. The cold, as well as the anxieties of our breasts,

kept us awake; for we had neither fire nor light.

I now began to be more urgent with Browne not to force himself on his fate. The time required a speedy determination; but he grew more peevish: "Don't urge me," he would cry,—“I cannot hold discourse with thee—Thy conceptions are too gross to form a judgment of what passes in my bosom.”

However, I did not cease to urge him; but, alas! gentlemen, it was in vain;—the over-refinement of his notions was his ruin.

As the night advanced, he would seldom answer my remonstrances, but with a groan.

It was, as I guessed, considerably past midnight. I grew more pressing with him to follow the example which I had resolved to set him, by making the best of a bad matter!

“Thou

"Thou do'st well," said he, "thou hast no Emily.—Emily!—Reflection insupportable!"——

He now arose from whence he was sitting, and seemed to walk hastily to and fro, in the dark.

"The cold affects you, Browne," said I.

"No," said he, "I am on fire."

He continued to walk, and I to persuade; but he never deign'd me another word.—His steps became irregular and starting, and, after a while, he was quite silent. But I persisted still to discourse, thinking he was again sat down: but, for a long time, having no answer, I listened.—All was silent as death.—Is he asleep, thought I?—I listened yet more attentively.—Not a breath transpired.—I called, I implored an answer:—but not a word returned!

Horror shot through me.—I started up to grope him out; but my imagination
was

was so bewildered, that I groped, I believe, (the place being large and misshapen) a full hour in agony, calling, yea, even roaring on him to answer me; when, of a sudden, as I felt round the wall in a kind of nook, I grasped him in my arms.

I shook him instinctively, and found that he was swinging, though his feet, yea his knees, almost touched the floor.

I clapped my hand above his head, I found a cord which suspended him.—I had no knife, it had been taken from me—I pulled—the cord was too strong for me.—I bellowed for assistance—my hair stood on end—I quitted him.—I ran wildly from him.—Death, *simple* death, gentlemen, has something terrible attending it; self-murder, something more, something horrible,—I was not master of myself, I roared incessantly.—Day at length peeped through the crannies of my confinement, and after a while my cries brought several people to the door, some of whom, in a short time, entering

entering with burning moss, instead of candles, were little less terrified at the sight before them, than myself.—Browne was dead, suspended by his garters, which were double twisted, and tied to a pole that went across the corner.

I could not but lament the loss of my companion. I wrung my hands over him.—“Unhappy Browne,” I cried, “is this the consequence of thy refinement?—Had thy ideas been more on the level of those of mankind in general, the resources wherein they find comfort on the rugged road of life, had also been resources of consolation to thee.”

Indeed, gentlemen, a *fine* thinker can go as much, I believe, on one side of reason as a *no* thinker on the other; with this disadvantage, that while the *no thinker* enjoys the pleasures of the moment, the *fine* thinker (as I once heard a gentleman observe) like one who would dissect a bubble,

bubble, loses it in endeavouring to analyze it.

But permit me to pass briefly over this melancholy affair, the recollection of which, even at this distance of time, affects me.

You will think such a circumstance made a noise, and soon drew together a great number of people; and, among the rest, Erig and Gulna's relations, but neither Erig or Gulna themselves; which I then wondered at; but afterwards found, that they, as well as I and Browne, had been put under confinement, and that, though not absolutely, yet principally for their incontinence, a fault, which though they knew to be punishable by their law, and in some cases dangerously so, they had nevertheless accused themselves of, as the only means they could devise to preserve the men whom their fancies led them to favour, from the severity of a fatal climate, or the equal severity of their own inhospitable laws.

In the afternoon I was led before the assembly.

sembly. They questioned me concerning the death of my companion.—I informed them of the whole I knew.—They seemed surprised, but satisfied. What I related concerning Browne, let them also into the knowledge of the resolution I had come to respecting myself.—They all seemed pleased, and the old man in white directly came and stroked my forehead, as did also the brother of Erig, and the old man I once before mentioned, with the supposition of his being Erig's father.

Erig too herself was soon brought forth, with whom I was now led away (the greatest part of the assembly accompanying us) to a large ruinous building, not unlike some old country churches in England. The sight of this building surprised me, for my eyes were now unbound.—It stood at the upper end of a straggling village, composed mostly of huts, with here and there the remains of better buildings. At a distance was a large lake, or a river, I knew not which.

which.—The landscape round was barren, and terminated on every ſide with huge rocks, and mountains laden with ice and ſnow. When we entered this old building, my ſurpriſe increaſed. It appeared to be the remains of a Chriſtian church. At the upper end was a ſtone table, and on the table lay a ſmall quantity of dried fiſh.

No one approached this table but the old man in white, who, I now underſtood, was Erig's uncle, and two others, who bore a leathern bag, out of which, with much ceremony, they took two or three old books, opened them, and laid them on the table. The ſight of the books ſtill ſerved to augment my ſurpriſe. But I was not near enough to ſee their contents.

Erig's uncle, who I then gueſſed, and afterwards found, acted in a double capacity, as prieſt and civil magiſtrate, after ſeveral whimſical geſtures, approached, and having laid his hands a while, on the aforemen- tioned fiſh, and muttered ſomething I could

could not understand, now approached us, and taking a leathern girdle, put it round Erig and me, and confined us together, with many ceremonies. He then took the dried fish, and gave to every one present a small portion, and then stroking our foreheads, he concluded the formality.

We were now about to return; but my curiosity being on edge to know what people fortune perforce had united me with, and thinking the books I saw might help me in the discovery, I made signs that I could read, and begged to be favoured with a nearer view of them.

Doubt, surprise, and joy, was at once visible in the faces of the multitude.—However, it was some time before they could prevail on themselves to let me approach the books: and, when they did, it was with a deal of caution. Nor was I at last suffered to touch them, but only to look in one of them, which was held open before

before me by the two men who had laid them on the table.

It was a Latin Testament. I had a smattering of Latin you know, Mr. Penson, and consequently was enabled to read in it, to the surprise of the gaping multitude : nor was my pleasure much less than their surprise ; for I already consoled myself with the idea, that those who possessed this book, notwithstanding their apparent rudeness, must be Christians, and consequently, in in some degree, civilized : but I reckoned rather too fast, as experience afterwards convinced me, when I found, that though these people possessed a few books, they could however not read them.

But to pass this for the present. Erig's uncle, on hearing me read, appeared in ecstasy, and I having ended, he addressed the crowd, telling them, he hoped the prophecy was now complete which had foretold, that the Kretum would some time or other send one of their kinsmen, from over the
great

Whale Brook, who should read their books to them.

This was enough. The crowd caught the romantic conception, and I was in a moment almost idolized.

We now returned in triumph to the house of Erig's uncle (which was the largest in the village) where a rude feast was served, to which I accommodated myself as well as I could, and the evening was spent in songs and dances, whilst the gentle Erig endeavoured all in her power to render every thing grateful to me.

I wondered we were not rather at Erig's father's, than at her uncle's; but I found, Erig's mother being dead, and her father having now another wife, the uncle, who was her mother's brother, claimed a kind of authority over her, and insisted on having us with him.

I now, too, found, that Gulna was only half-sister to her, and that the death of Browne was a disagreeable circumstance

for poor Gulna, as ſhe could not be freed from the puniſhment due to the crime ſhe had accuſed herſelf of: nothing but matrimony being allowed here to atone for fornication. Therefore ſhe did not appear: but was, at leaſt as yet, conſidered as a delinquent.

Thus, gentlemen, it pleaſed Providence to diſpoſe of me contrary to my hopes, and contrary to my wiſhes; among a people I could make little out of, who were neither ſavage nor civil, but who were quite a puzzle to me. That they had ſome traces of chriſtianity among them was evident, though ſadly effaced: but whence theſe traces derived, or who the people were, I could not, nor could they themſelves account to my ſatisfaction, for their ſtory appeared to me all a fable.

That they had once been in a more flouriſhing, and more poliſhed ſtate than what they now were, was evident, from the

old ruinous buildings, old books, and old utensils, yet remaining among them.

There were five large villages of these people in a valley of about fourteen leagues in length, and from one to three in breadth: secluded from all the world besides by rocks and mountains, seemingly impassable, and regions of never-thawing ice.

Through this valley ran a river, which formed two large lakes, on the borders of which, the villages were situated. These lakes, which were of considerable extent, were never frozen, and furnished the natives of their shores with a rich variety of fish, which was their principal food.

The lakes (or rather the river, for the lakes were only large openings, where the river halted and spread itself abroad as it were to divert itself) were discharged into the sea through a narrow strait, which was called in their language by an expressive term, which signified the throat of the ocean; and which was blocked up with

H 2

moun-

mountains of ice piled one on another, up to the very clouds. To be sure, a more stupendous sight was never seen, nor should I venture to give a description of this, but that such scenes are known not to be uncommon in the cold regions of the north.

I have said this strait was blocked up—and so indeed it was during the winter months; but in the summer, the warmth of the sun loosening the joints of the ice, the violence of the stream, which was in general pretty rapid, together with the driving of prodigious lumps of ice, which the current at this season, brought down from the inland country, would, to use the phrase of the inhabitants, open its mouth, and force out to sea immense quantities of ice from underneath; whilst the mountainous collection of this material, which crowded over the strait to a great extent, and incredible height above, seemed fixed as Nature's self.

The

The friction of pieces, thus carried through, would open a rugged and uneven arch above the surface of the water, in some places, to the height of a hundred feet or more: so that during this period, boats might have passed through to the sea, had it not been for the dread of the ice falling on them, or crowding them in their passage. Indeed, there had been known those who had ventured this way; but the natives in general, when they would go to the islands in the main, either to gather eggs, catch fish, or gather wood, which latter was an article plentifully to be found floating in the creeks and bays of the coast and islands, though the country itself produced but very little; I say, when the natives would go to sea for any of these purposes, which, during the summer season, they frequently did, they usually climbed the hills and rocks, whose rugged heights, like huge ramparts, inclosed them from the sea, and carrying their boats with them, which, from their being only

only light frames of wood, covered with the ſkins of ſeals, &c. they could eaſily do, they, from the ſteep declivities of a frightful ſhore, lowered them to the ſea, and themſelves with them, with leather ropes or thongs, by a contrivance, as ingenious in the invention, as it was rugged in the execution; and by which they alſo drew up again the profits of their ſea excuſions; but which I will not take up your time in attempting to deſcribe.

Theſe ſea excuſions, wherein they procured wood, and vaſt quantities of fiſh, were ſo neceſſary to their exiſtence, that, though Nature ſeemed to have forbid the attempt, yet, neceſſity obliged them, not only to ſurmount the difficulty, but to reduce it to an affair of eaſe and ſafety; becauſe, not only men, but women and children, during their ſhort ſummer, muſt lend a helping hand to get in their ſea harveſt.

It was on the occaſion of one of theſe ſea-excuſions, that Browne and I were diſcovered

covered in our solitary island: and it was over these rocks, which I have now been describing, that we were drawn, when I expected every moment to have been dashed to pieces. But I will not trouble you farther with a description almost incredible, of a place where a mariner, though he sailed by it, would never have thought of looking for the footsteps of a human creature; as there appeared no opening to the inland at all; except the dreadful one I have just described.

In this place, and with this people, gentlemen, I lived upwards of two years—the greatest part of which time I spent in endeavouring to be of some use to them; in restoring a greater degree of civilization among them; in helping them to improve many of their rude arts, and in endeavouring to correct some of the many errors which defaced their religion.—You smile, gentlemen; but their superstition was so gross,

gross, that even an unskilful hand could in some degree correct it.

In all these schemes I was countenanced, and supported by Erig's uncle, who was a man of good natural parts, and open to conviction; and I succeeded so well in my undertakings, that I began to consider myself as a Jonah sent to the Ninevites: that Providence, by uncommon methods, had forced me on this uncommon vocation: and I had so consoled myself with this idea, that I could (except now and then, when reflection came over me too powerfully to be resisted) have been content to have spent my days there. But my destiny was otherwise.—Old Otto, my patron, Erig's uncle died, and Gulna's (Erig's half-sister's) mother's brother was chosen to succeed him in his offices of priest and magistrate.

From this period my influence rapidly decreased: to account for the cause of which I must step back a little, and in-
form

form you, that ever since my marriage with Erig (though Gulna and she were on sisterly terms before) yet, from that period, Gulna evidently entertained a dislike to me.

Whether she suspected I had been any way accessory to Browne's death (which was truly unlikely); or whether, her scheme having been frustrated, she hated whatever reminded her of it; or whether it were envy of her sister's fortune, who got a husband by the same means whereby she had condemned herself to a single life (for it was a thing unknown here for an incontinent woman to get a husband if she missed the paramour of her incontinence); whether one, or all these combined, were the cause of her conceiving an inveteracy to me, I know not; but certain it was, such an inveteracy she entertained: and it shewed itself on a variety of occasions; but, while old Otto lived,

lived, my influence with him, and his influence with the people, set me above the regard of her impotent ill-will.

But now Otto was dead, the case was quite otherwise. I felt my influence immediately checked.—The people (as they do in all climates where authority transfers any part of its power to a favourite) now openly countenanced reports to my prejudice, which before had only circulated so secretly as to reach my ears as a thing not worth noticing. The little reforms I had introduced in their religion, were one after another set aside; and their introduction construed as a crime.—The season, too, happened to be unpromising. This was interpreted to be the effect of the anger of their God for their suffering innovations in his worship.—I was also accused of being an impostor; for it was argued, that if I were the son of their great uncles over the great Whale-Brook,

Brook, I should be able to read in *all* their books; whereas the truth was, I could read only in *one*; for the others were written in such a character as I had never before seen.

These detractions, and the contempt with which I was now in consequence treated, rendered my life uncomfortable for some time; but I am conscious I hastened my destiny, by taking an opportunity, when the people were assembled to perform a religious ceremony, of publicly addressing them (a thing I had done before more than once, with success, when supported by my patron, old Otto), in the hope of convincing them by my arguments, that in all my attempts I had never had any thing in view but their good. That, in particular, what reformatations I had made in their religion, I had made only by the direction of the Kretum, whose words I would read to them out of his book: and here, in the warmth of self-justifi-

justification, forgetting the blind veneration paid to this book, I inadvertently stepped to the stone table before-mentioned (for we were now in the church), and laid my hand on the Latin Testament, a thing I had never done before in public, because so to do, except by a priest, was considered as prophanation.—

'Twas enough.—Had the building been falling on their heads, the crowd could not have expressed greater horror.—An universal scream shook the walls, and I was immediately seized as a malefactor. However, I attempted to palliate my rashness; but 'twas some time before I could be heard for the rage and clamour my inadvertence had occasioned: and when I had gained sufficient attention to enable me to be understood, I was, almost immediately on my beginning to speak, again silenced: for as I could not, at best, pronounce the language well, so now, being rather ruffled, I spoke it so ill, that Gulna's uncle,
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the new priest, took occasion from thence to interrupt me, by exclaiming sarcastically, "What a pity 'tis our great uncles did not send us a man with smooth words to read to us our books, and not one whose lip should lead us to suspect him for a *Kraellen*!"

This ill-natured slur ruined me quite.—
'A *Kraellen*! a *Kraellen*! away with him! —away with the *Kraellen*!' was now the universal cry; and so strong was the prepossession now become against me, that I believe I should have been torn in pieces, had it not been for Erig's brother, and a friend of his, who interposed in my behalf, and insisted on my being had to prison till I could be examined before the assembly.

To prison I was accordingly led, where the first thought that occurred to me was, that Providence was still kind to me, and had again manifested its kindness in ordaining me to a quiet and secure prison,

ſon, out of the power of an enraged and ſuperſtitious mob.—A miſfortune ſimilar to this, thought I, might have befallen me in a country where there was no priſon, and then my life muſt inſtantly have paid for my inadvertence.

I expected the aſſembly would immediately have been called together; but here Providence was again my friend; for the old man in black furs, whom I have deſcribed before, and who uſually ſat in the miſt of the aſſembly, with the ſcimeter ſtuck in his girdle, happened to be ill, and conſequently the aſſembly could not act till he ſhould be able to attend, as his preſence was peculiarly neceſſary to the deciſion of an affair of criminality, he being, at once, the final judge and executioner. On this account my fate remained undetermined many days, during which I was kept a cloſe priſoner.

But Erig's brother, who really loved me, got leave of this man, who was maſter of
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the prison, or dungeon, to visit, and supply me with necessaries, and also permission for Erig to attend me occasionally; who, poor thing, was cut to the heart, and did nothing but wring her hands, and tear her hair: for it seems my death was looked on as inevitable; the people without doors, had got it into their heads that I was a Kraellen, and that my intention was to alienate them from their god, who had hitherto protected them, and then betray them to my brother Kraellens to be devoured: nay, so mad were they with this idea, that they had sent to search the shores and islands, and had stationed centinels along the coast, to give notice if any one should approach. And Erig's brother assured me, such was the present temper of the people (and this disposition hourly increased), that nothing but my death would quell their commotion.

But I had no mind, gentlemen, to part with my life for so unworthy an end. Yet
how

how to preſerve it was a queſtion.—Where could I fly?—The coaſts were guarded.—And were they *not*, whither ſhould I ſteer?—The iſlands and the main were alike frozen, inhospitable, and barren; ſo much ſo, that an individual inhabiting there ſtood no chance of preſerving an exiſtence through the winter.

This was the ſuccourleſs view the ſea afforded me. Landward, the proſpect was even worſe. Mountains, moſtly inacceſſible, ice immeaſurable.—No land to cultivate: nothing but bare rocks.—No browsing herds; nothing but a few foxes, ſavage white bears, and wild rein-deer. No wood for firing, no trees, nor ſcarcely any ſhrubs or herbage. Such was the refuge the inland country promiſed.

In this dilemma a thought ſtruck me. The drowning rider will graſp, gentlemen, even at the heel of his plunging horſe. Having tolerably learned the exerciſe of the bow, I had ſeveral times been on the mountains

tains in chase of rein-deer, and once, in particular, I with some others, had gone so high, as to have a view of a most immense tract of frozen country, which, at many leagues distance, appeared to be indented by an arm of the sea.

I demanded of my companions if they had any knowledge of the parts that were under our eye: they replied no: except that, in *that* inlet the Kraellens resided. The reply excited in me very little curiosity *then*: but *now*, that it recurred fresh to my memory, it seemed to promise me a resource in my present exigence.

I communicated my thoughts in private to Erig's brother.—He shook his head.

"To extricate you out of this prison," said he, "perhaps I could find means: but for you to cross that desert were impracticable."

'Why,' said I, 'it appears to be not above ten leagues.'

VOL. III.

I

"Nay,

“Nay, double that,” said he, “and you would not be at the end of your journey. But it is not merely the *length*, but the *danger* of the way, that is the obstacle. The air so intensely cold ; how are you sure you could breathe in it. The ice so deceitful ; would you not be swallowed up. Besides, what would you do for lodging and provisions : for you will be able to travel a very little way in a day ; and, after all, should you survive the journey, the Kraellens, when you arrived among them, would certainly devour you.”

“That is the least of my apprehensions,” I replied : “But for the attempt, can there be no means contrived ? No means of rendering the dangers of such a journey surmountable ?—Nay, indeed, if there cannot, I may as well encounter them though unprovided, as to remain and meet certain death here.”

In short, I urged an escape, this way, so much, as the only alternative, that, he at length

length came into my idea, and resolved to furnish me with whatever he thought would be most requisite to enable me to succeed in my design.

But this required time; and the more so, as he would be obliged to do what he did privately. The sickness of the old man before-mentioned, and which was of some duration, afforded him sufficient opportunity. Yet he considered my scheme only as the resource of extremity, and mean time was very assiduous to bring the people to a better opinion of me. But it would not do. Gulna, and her mother and uncle, had too much influence to be easily counteracted. Besides their insinuations hit the temper of the people, who, I have heard it observed, have in most places, an aversion to the innovations of strangers.

Thus his kind endeavours being fruitless, and the old judge, or executioner (call him which you will) recovering, and having appointed a day for my being examined before the assembly, which he (Erig's brother)

ther) knew would end fatally for me, he came in the midnight preceding the appointed day (having employed a friend whom he had trusted with the secret, to decoy the watch away) and summoned me to follow him.

I did. The moon was not yet risen, and the whole village was locked in the arms of sleep. We stole silently along by the cottages, and made the best of our way towards the mountains. It was, indeed, a sad look-out, gentlemen, but death or the desert was the word.

Having proceeded about half a league, Erig joined us. She was not so disconsolate as she had been for many days before, but seemed rather inclined to encourage, than to baulk me in my progress.

I was pleased to find her in so good spirits, for, though I cannot say I ever loved her, yet her affection for me begat a kind of tenderness in me, which made me dread the parting scene. But the seeing her heroism
on

on the occasion, eased me of a good deal of anxiety.

We continued to proceed towards the mountains. At about two leagues distance from the village, we arrived at the foot of them; and by the time the sun rose, we had gained considerably on the ascent. We continued a very rugged and steep road for several hours, refreshing ourselves occasionally with some dried fish, which Erig carried in a bag.

Having nearly gained the summit, we found two covered sledges, made of spars of wood (for boards of any breadth are things not here to be met with) framed close together, and covered with a very thick leather, inside and out, like what they sole shoes with in England, but not so well dressed.

These sledges were about four feet square every way. That is to say, high, long, and broad. They were no novelty to me. Almost every family in the village had one
or

or more of them, in which they amused themselves in riding over the ice, and which served them also as a place to retreat to, if benighted, when hunting on the mountains.

These sledges Erig's brother had at some hazard secretly conveyed hither. One of them was filled with provisions, clothing, and other necessaries, and with fishing and hunting implements: the other was to ride or sleep in, as occasion should require. To each sledge, belonged twelve dogs to draw it.

With these we again set forward, and soon after reached the top of the first mountain.

We now steered westward, and after descending a little we entered on firm ice, which extended northward, as far as the eye could reach, and which appeared to me to have been a river, which, obstructed in its passage by the frost, had continued to swell year after year, till it had completely filled up the valleys between the mountains, and, by the assistance of the snow, threatened to overtop the mountains themselves.

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That there was water under, was evident, from the perpetual rumbling we heard, like hollow thunder beneath us; and which made one tread with a certain horror.

Erig's brother was now about to return: but what was my surprise, to find that Erig had determined to accompany me.

"No Senell," said she, "Erig no leave Senell. When Senell die, I die. Senell and Erig is all: then they go together."

She spoke true, that we two were all, for she had borne me no children. Indeed, the females of those steril regions, are by no means very fruitful. Nature is there equally sparing, both in her animal and vegetable productions—fish only excepted, which there increase in a superabundant proportion.

Erig's fidelity affected me. I could not prevail on her to forego her purpose. So her brother returned without her to pacify, as well as he could, his neighbours,
who

who, we doubted not, were by this time highly alarmed at our eſcape. But he ſeemed not at all afraid of their reſentment, as he ſaid he had a ſtory ready, which would prevail on their credulity.

It was not without pain that we parted; but I did not much indulge the ſoftneſs; it unmans one, gentlemen, and renders one unfit for action. Keep a good look out for the next occaſion, and not mope over the paſt: that's my principle—but I have found it hard to practice ſometimes.

Erig and I now proceeded on our diſconſolate journey, where, perhaps never a human foot had trodden, with the heavens for our compaſs, and reſolution for our helms-man.

The day cloſed before we gained the hills, which, on the weſt ſide, bounded this plain of ice. We, in conſequence, halted, and, giving a ſcanty meal to our dogs out of our victualling ſledge, we wrapped ourſelves in our furs, and retired

tired to the other sledge to sleep; but the cold was so intense, that it was impossible to find repose; we, therefore, having rested a few hours, renewed our journey.

We had now again reached firm land, and proceeded to climb rocks intermixed with ice, which seemed to pierce the Heavens; but we found this very difficult, on account of our sledges; and I was once or twice in the mind of leaving them behind; but, considering them as almost indispensable, I determined to get them along, if possible: which I did, but not without making a very round-about way: Erig and I frequently labouring with all our might, where the ascents were peculiarly steep, and the passage rugged.

We, however, at length gained the summit of this second story of mountains, and had once more a view of the inlet which had excited this enterprize. The view created a new life in me, though the inlet was at a much greater distance
than

than I had at first estimated, and yet even now, the distance between being almost one entire ice-plain, it did not appear so far as it really was.

Indeed, to a man in any other situation than that I was in, the prospect must have forbid the advancing a foot further, so dreary, so extensive, so full of magnificent horror, was this region of ice, which here seemed to form a world above the region of the clouds:—but 'twas no use to *cry* and *die*, my business was to *try* and *live*:—So on we went, and after a few hours entered on the ice.

Providentially that morning I killed a rein-deer. He was asleep under the crag of a rock, on the borders of the ice. I pierced him with an arrow I carried in my hand, and the dogs secured him. A draught of his blood was a warm cordial for us, and in these cold countries is no uncommon beverage. We had no fire to dress

dress the flesh, so that furnished a repast for the dogs.

We were now proceeding over the ice, which we found very troublesome to do; it was so full of holes and fissures which appeared to be bottomless. Some of these, indeed, were narrow, and we could step over them without much difficulty; but others were wide and long, and obliged us to go round about considerably to pass them.

But the terror they inspired was more disagreeable than their obstruction. They appeared like unfathomable graves gaping to swallow us up, and the rumbling beneath, which, at these fissures, one could hear at a vast depth, put one in mind of the infernal regions. This, and the care we were obliged to take in passing round them, rendered it exceedingly unpleasant.

In the afternoon, to add to my apprehensions, as we were journeying along, I
saw,

ſaw, at a diſtance, ſomething white lying on the ice.—I conſidered it attentively, and was convinced 'twas a white bear, for I had often ſeen that animal ſince I had reſided in thoſe regions; by his attitude I judged him to be ſleeping. My fleſh heaved on my bones. I turned the fledges inſtantly, and, as quietly as poſſible, ſteered the wideſt courſe I could from him, and happily eſcaped him; but it added to my anxiety all the way after; for I had entertained the hope, that in this lofty deſert of bare ice, I ſhould have had nothing to fear from ſuch ſavage ramagers.

Night again approached; and we had made ſuch good uſe of the day, that reſt was abſolutely neceſſary. Nay, in ſpite of the cold, I found myſelf inclined to doze; but I was unwilling to indulge the inclination, as I was not ignorant of the danger of ſleeping in a cold ſo intense: this ice which we were now croſſing being in a much higher region, and of far greater extent,

extent, consequently a great deal colder than that we had passed the day before.

However, the dread of the bears, which are mostly to be feared by night, determined us to enter the sledge, and secure the door, which we did, endeavouring to keep ourselves awake by discourse; but 'twas unavailing. The cold seemed to benumb our faculties; and, I believe, we should both have yielded to slumber—but, in the critical moment, we heard a terrible yell among the dogs, and, in an instant, our sledge was assailed with incredible fury. A few minutes overset it, and, for the space of an hour, we were tumbled about furiously.

The motion presently recalled our senses, and, assisted by our fears, lest the strength of the sledge should yield to the fury of the assailants, begat a heat which defied the chillness of the clime, and, probably, whilst it threatened us with death, saved our lives.

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It was some hours before the bustle finally subsided. Day at length began to peep through the crannies of our sledge. I ventured to open the door. I found my blood turn on seeing the outer leather covering, though very thick, torn through in several places; so that, had not the spars of the framing been very strong, we must have been torn from our citadel.

I crept out; but judge, if you can, of my sensations, when I found that the sledge which contained our provisions was entirely gone—not a vestige of it to be seen, except some mangled remains of the dogs that belonged to it: for these dogs have not the spirit to repel an assault like the dogs of Europe; but will, if not confined, rather fly than fight.

Poor Erig wrung her hands in despair at the sight. And well she might, to be thus deprived of sustenance, in a region so totally devoid of every thing that could support life: but, notwithstanding the horrors

this misfortune at first inspired me with, a few minutes recollection convinced me, I rather ought to thank Heaven on the occasion, than reproach it; for the same bears (and I had not a doubt but they were bears) that ran away with our victualling sledge, might have run away with that in which we were, or torn both our sledge and us to pieces; whereas we were permitted to live and to *hope*.

Nay, thought I, Heaven has not ordained me to escape the gallows, to escape the sea, to escape the sentence of a prejudiced people, to escape the bears, at last, to let me fall a prey to hunger! No—while I live, I will hope.

But Erig could not fall into my sentiments—Despair only possessed her bosom. Luckily for us, we had laid some trifle of provision, for the mere sake of convenience, in the sledge in which we rested. I interpreted this as a presage of good fortune, and eat some of it immediately, persuading

ſuading Erig to do the ſame; and then having a little mended the torn harneſs, and therewith faſtened the remaining dogs to the ſledge (which were now but thirteen out of twenty-four) we again ſet forward.

About mid-day, by comparing the appearance of the mountains on the eaſt, with thoſe on the weſt ſide, I judged we had paſſed over two thirds of the ice. But, whether we ſhould at laſt arrive at a habitable or uninhabited coaſt, was yet a doubt. I hoped to find it, as it was reported, inhabited by the Kraellens; notwithſtanding the character given of them by thoſe with whom I lately reſided; for any deſcription of men was, in my circumſtances, rather to be wiſhed for than an unfurnished ſolitude.

The cold and the fatigue this day, notwithſtanding I can boaſt of a pretty tough conſtitution, began to overpower me; and Erig, much more ſo. My ſpirits, indeed, held out obſtinately againſt the frailty of
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the flesh; but her's sunk under it. The prospect of the coast too, which we were approaching, whilst it revived me, filled her with additional terrors the nearer we arrived to it; which, indeed, was but the natural consequence of that idea she had been taught from her childhood, to entertain of the Kraellens. This added to the fatigue; and the extreme sheerness of the atmosphere, rendered her sometimes torpid.

To be short, gentlemen; it was in this disconsolate place I lost my faithful companion; but not merely through bodily debility, but by a misfortune, which rendered her loss doubly affecting.

I have told you, that there were cracks or openings in the ice that appeared bottomless. In this part of our journey, they were more frequent than they had hitherto been; and the sight of them, conscious as we were of their danger, thrilled a certain horror through us. They were indeed so frequent, and so wide, that we found it

difficult, especially with the sledge, to avoid one, without approaching too near to the edge of another.

In one of these passes, while all my attention was paid to the dogs, which I was leading, in order to guide the sledge more safely round the extremity of the fissure, a sudden scream startled me: I looked back.—Erig's foot had slipped, and the ice being rather sloping, she slid in a moment into the bottomless gulph.

My eye just caught a glance of her as she shot in, and, methinks I hear now that scream which accompanied her descent.—I screamed as loud as she.—It was all I could do.—I stood like one petrified.

At length I roused from my stupor, and approached the fissure as near as I could.—I listened—and methought, amidst the rumblings under the ice, I still heard the scream fainter and fainter, as it sunk deeper and deeper.—I was so out of myself with horror, that I now wonder I had not slipped

flipped in too: But, some how or other, I crawled back to the sledge, and sat down by it, and, for a few moments, indulged a kind of horrid grief; partly arising from the loss of my faithful companion, and partly from the manner of that loss.

But reason, though it did not come so soon as on some other occasions, at length came to my aid.

Now, perhaps, there might be some very fine spirits, who, considering the purity and fidelity of such a companion as Erig, her disinterested affection, and tried constancy; and, weighing with that, such a hopeless situation as mine, wherein death appeared inevitable; might have concluded, that it would have been heroic to die with such a friend, and accordingly have cast themselves into the chasm after her: but for me to have done so, would have been acting contrary to the principle I had laid down for the rule of my conduct, when I first found that fortune was deter-

mined to have a game of blind-man's-buff with me.

No—I reflected differently.—Poor Erig is gone, thought I. As a friend, her virtues would ever have claimed my esteem, my gratitude, my utmost services; but as a wife, I could not love her. The bonds that connected me with her were truly *bonds*; and, at times, very uneasy ones.—Heaven has thought proper to dissolve them; though not in a manner I could have wished.—I must ever lament Erig as a friend; but may not a time arrive, when I shall rejoice in the dissolution of my connection with her as a wife. And here, gentlemen, I know not how it was, but the idea of a certain once loved, and ever loved person, obtruded itself with a kind of wild hope, which, though in my present circumstances it seemed a folly, I had no mind totally to pluck up and cast away as such.

In short, I endeavoured to translate this affecting misfortune into a presage that, as

my connection with savages was concluded, I should, before long, be again restored to the society of my countrymen.

This idea so consoled me, that I arose, and casting, with an involuntary sigh, a last look on the deep grave of the faithful, the unfortunate Erig, I put my dogs in motion, and, with a pensive pace, moved on my solitary way.

But, nature and reason are sometimes at variance. I found them so now. The conflict in my mind made me sick. I grew faint. But I had no cordial to comfort me. The cold pervaded my vitals. Yet life was still sweet, and in this situation an expedient occurred to me, which I am almost ashamed to mention. But I had so frequently experienced refreshment from warm animal blood in these cold regions, that, having an odd dog, and no animal to substitute in its stead, I resolved even to take its life, and, with a draught of its vital fluid, keep up the circulation of my own.

I have

I have already obſerved, that neceſſity will teach a man to ſtep over the niceties of cuſtom; and I feel myſelf angry that ſuch a ſenſation as ſhame ſhould find a place in my breaſt on relating a circumſtance, only ſhameful, becauſe not cuſtomary in this climate, whoſe temperature and accommodations render ſuch a one unneceſſary.

Suit thyſelf to the occaſion, was my precept; and on this, I particularly experienced the efficacy of the beverage it preſented me. It revived me, and begot a kindly warmth; and, as night came on, I entered my ſledge, taking in with me my dogs to ſecure them from the bears, ſhould they again make an aſſault. But the precaution was needleſs. I paſſed ſeveral hours in quiet; and the warmth of ſo many animals, crowded one on another in ſo ſmall a box, defied the cold of the night.

I ſlept without inconvenience, except from being ſtraitened for room, and awoke reſreſhed.

All

All day I again pursued my journey, and by night reached the extremity of the ice. The sight of land, though rugged, was a great consolation to me; especially as my dogs were grown weak for want of sustenance.

I rested as the night before, and the next morning, from the mountains, had a view of the large fine inlet in the valley, at about eight or ten leagues distance, as nearly as I could guess. My spirits revived, though at that distance I could not discover any trace of inhabitants.

I now began to descend: but the rocks *here* were so much more rugged and uneven, than those I had been used to, that I could by no means get my sledge along. Several of my dogs too died with hunger and fatigue—I was therefore obliged, tho' unwilling, and notwithstanding my dread of the bears, to leave my little asylum behind me, and, relying entirely on Providence, descend the rocks with no other

8 defence

defence than my bow and arrows, which I carried in my hand.

Before mid-day, I began to grow weary for want of sustenance. Besides, it was not easy to descend steep untravelled rocks : and I frequently came to the edges of precipices that made me shudder, and which often obliged me to alter my course and go a considerable way about.

In the afternoon I had descended so low, that, instead of having reason to complain of the chillness of the air, the heat of the sun, between the hills, was really troublesome ; but I yet saw no footsteps of human creatures.

I grew dispirited and faint, and I verily believe, could have travelled very little farther, when, as I turned the side of a rugged hill, I saw lying just before me, a piece of the skin of some animal, and on it, and scattered round it, some small dried fish.

I did not hesitate a moment to eat, though the fish seemed different in flavour

to

to any I had before eaten. My hopes were now revived, as this was a proof that I should find inhabitants in the valley; and in about two hours more these hopes were confirmed, by a sight I got of a littleish man, walking deliberately on the side of the hill below me, dressed in furs, but their shape quite different to the dress of those people I had lately left.

I hailed him: but he no sooner turned and saw me, than he ran precipitately down the hill, and was soon out of sight, though I ran after him as fast as the unevenness of the descent would permit me.

But it was not long before I saw three others looking about, as though to discover the object that had alarmed their companion. One of these had a gun; and though I was afraid he intended to shoot me with it, yet I could scarcely contain my joy at the sight of it, as I was thereby convinced these people had some intercourse with Europeans (which those I had lately resided
among

among never had) and consequently that now, could I gain a footing among them, I should not be out of the reach of a possibility of returning to my native country.

When these saw me, they stood still, as if to deliberate what to do ; and I thought, once or twice, seemed to have a mind to run away. However, they stood their ground, and I approached—but, to shew them that my intentions were peaceable, I laid down my bow and arrows, and continued to approach them defenceless.

The armed man, observing me, laid down his gun ; and I approached them, making signs that I was a stranger. They seemed to understand me, and to demand whence I came? I pointed to the sea—For, having my head filled with the idea of that inveteracy these people were supposed to bear against those over the mountains, I dreaded to be thought arrived from that quarter.

In short, gentlemen, not to tire you with too particular a description—These people,
who

who were low in stature, of dark complexions, stupid looks, and nasty habits; and who seemed to have no traces of that civilization among them which I had remarked in those I had left, received me, however, better than their appearance gave me reason to expect. They led me to their tents, which, as well as their clothes, were composed of skins, and gave me such food as they had at hand. It was truly savage cookery. But, suit thyself to the occasion, and make the best of a bad matter, was my precept; and I did so now, though with much difficulty.

The people, all except the man with the gun, though they offered me no injury, yet, methought, looked on me with a kind of contempt; but the armed man seemed more complaisant, and I soon learned from him, that he had seen men like me a great way off to the south, where he bought his gun, only they were not dressed just like me (in fact, my dress, *then*, was an odd

odd compound, consisting partly of what I had worn from England, and partly of what I had been furnished with at my last residence), and that he and his family, and many others in the neighbourhood, were going, this summer, a long voyage thither, along the coast, to buy more guns, and powder and shot, wherewith to shoot rein-deer ; and that they got these articles in exchange for their train-oil, and the teeth of sea cows or sea lions, which they caught among the ice.

I was happy to hear this, and easily persuaded them to take me with them ; having led them to expect, by some airs I gave myself, that I should be able well to reward them, could I but get among my countrymen, the Europeans, from whom they got their guns.

They were making preparations for this voyage when I arrived among them, and, in a few days, they set out. Indeed, their preparations were soon made ; for they
took

took nothing with them but their tents, and their hunting and fishing implements (and which, indeed, included their all); for they relied for their subsistence entirely on their prowess in catching fish by sea, and killing rein-deer on the coast; bread being *here*, as well as among the people I had left, a thing totally unknown.

Shortly, therefore, there were five families set off in six large boats, which were framed of wood, and covered with skins, and in which were carried the tents, the children, their necessary implements, and the women, who rowed and managed the boats.

These six large boats were accompanied by eleven little boats, carrying only one man each. These little boats were the most curious things I had ever seen. I think the conceit of a Mer-man must have been taken from a sight of one of these boats, with the boat-man in it; for, though close by him, you can see nothing of the man

lower

lower than the waist—for there his little leathern boat seems to grow on to him, projecting before and behind some feet in length; but on either side no wider than his hips.

These are covered, top, bottom, and sides, with leather, or rather are the skeletons of boats shot into tight leathern bags, and are open only at a little round hole just in the middle of the top, and just big enough for the man to slip the lower part of his body in at. He there sits flat on his posteriors on the floor of the boat, whilst the little leathern deck reaches to the height of his hips.

The boatman, thus seated, stuffs his fur jacket tight into this hole all round him, so that his body now fills up completely the whole opening; and his skiff, being thus above and beneath rendered water-tight, he is in no danger of the waves; for, if they break over him, they cannot fill his boat, and if they overset him, which

is

is not a thing uncommon (the boat being so small, that it can be taken out of the water, and carried on the shoulder with ease), he can give himself a spring by the help of the paddle he carries in his hand, and right himself again in a twinkling.

In short, I was never more amused than in beholding these people shoot and tumble about in the sea in these little ingenious arks.

But, however I admired the convenience, and wished to learn the management of these little boats—I never could attain it. I overset the moment I was in one; for the boat is no counterpoise to the weight of the body that sits in it, and is only kept in a proper posture by the artful management of the paddle or oar. For this reason I was glad to travel with the women in the large open boats.

I continued coasting with these people along a very rugged coast, for nine days, which were none of the pleasantest of my life,

life, and, indeed, were rendered tolerable only by the thought that I ſhould ſoon arrive among a different people; for, only thoſe who have reſided with ſavages, can conceive how the mind ſuffers during ſuch reſidence, ſetting aſide the diſagreeable in every thing external.

But to proceed. On the tenth day in the afternoon, the ſea, at a great diſtance, appeared uncommonly agitated. It was immediately conjectured that there was a whale (or whales) there: and theſe people being dexterous in the capture of thoſe monſters, the boats all at once put to ſea after it.

They conjectured aright. A whale was ſoon ſtruck with their darts, the little boats purſued the driving animal, and the great boats made after them; but the whale gave them ſuch play, that night came on, and they had not yet maſtered it, yet they would not deſiſt. They loved the ſport, and they coveted the profit.

But

But now the wind began to blow strongly off shore, and which, in a short time, encreased to a storm. The consequence was a scene of confusion. The boats were separated, some one way, some another, and that, in which I was, from all the rest.

The women, my companions, were frantic, whilst I endeavoured all I could to keep the boat from oversetting. Every moment the storm encreased, and I had at last little hope that the boat could live long in it.

Well, but—what, drowned at last like a puppy, thought I, after so many hair-breadth escapes.—Surely Providence cannot be so capricious.

This reflection alone kept up my spirits in this night of horror. As to my companions, they only augmented the roar of the elements with their yellings. But, both the one and the other soon died upon my ear. A violent surge bore the boat aloft with such fury, that, after it, I was sensible

of nothing more, till an extreme pain in my leg reminded me of my existence.

I gazed around, and found myself lying on the deck of a ship; whilst a rough looking fellow, with some implements of surgery by him, was examining one of my legs.

"By my soul, man," said he, to another who was putting a plaister to my temple, "By my soul, man, the fellow will never have the use of his two legs again, if we do not take one of them off."

"Thank God!" said I, not heeding what I had heard, farther than that it convinced me I was among my own countrymen.

"Arrah, my dear!" returned he—"What, is it so sweet, man, to have a broken leg?—Thank God—Eh!—why then to be sure, had'st thou broke thy neck instead, thou would'st not only have thank'd, but praised him!—Who, the devil art, Eh?"

"Oh!" said I, still full of the first idea, though I could hardly speak for pain, "I am the luckiest fellow in the world."

The

The man stared at me in amaze.

"The devil never thanks God so heartily, said he, as for a high wind, and that for the mischief of it; but then, they say his language is Dutch: if he could speak English, I should think we had him here. Lucky—Eh, with a broken leg, Eh?"—

"Yes," replied I, as well as I could speak—"for I might as well have broke my neck."

"By St. Patrick, honey, and so thou might'st, replied he, for it was a devilish bang, and dost see now, for that thought *thee* shalt keep both thy good legs;—tho' by my soul, I will not answer for the use of one of them. Here, Shelah, bear a hand; 'tis a devilish bilge; but hale off lustily, and I warrant we bring it to."

Shelah obeyed, and they handled me so roughly, that I was soon insensible to the operation: and, when I came to myself, I found myself flung in a hammock, with Shelah by me, of whom I began to enquire where I was, and how I came there.

He informed me that I was on board a Dutch ſhip, where his maſter, who was an Iriſhman, acted as mate and ſurgeon, having learned ſomething of ſurgery in his younger years at Dublin. That I was thrown aboard them in a violent ſtorm, by a wave that broke ſuddenly over them. And that the ſame wave had overturned their ſmall boat which lay on deck, and cruſhed my leg under it.

He was now as eager, in his turn, to know—who I was, whence I came, what had befallen me, and where I had got rigged in ſuch an uncouth dreſs? All which I informed him of ſo much to his ſurpriſe, that he immediately went and informed the captain, who ſoon after viſited me: and, as he could ſpeak a little Engliſh, he queſtioned me very particular about the people I had reſided with the laſt two years.

He ſeemed highly delighted with my deſcriptions, and appeared quite poſitive, that

that those people were a remnant of the old Norway colonists, who once peopled Greenland; and whom the severity of the climate, and the incursions of the savages, had from time to time destroyed, or driven from their habitations.

He informed me, that they had been often sought after of late years, and were believed by many not to be totally extinct: but that though the ruins of their buildings could frequently be traced along the western shore of Greenland; and here and there on the eastern (from which we were little distant), yet they themselves could never hitherto be found.

He concluded by observing, that as what many had conjectured, my adventures had confirmed, he was determined himself to explore the coast, and try if, with my assistance, he could not re-discover these secluded remains of a long lost people: and that he yielded the more readily to this inclination, as he had already been pretty
2 lucky

lucky in completing the intention of his voyage, which was to catch whales.

Accordingly he ſteered north-eaſt along the coaſt many days. But there were ſo many inlets, bays, ice mountains, and iſlands, that, to examine them, wore away the ſummer; not to mention the ſmall way a ſhip could make in a given time, among fields and iſlands of ice, and the great danger with which they hourly threatened her: which, at length, determined the captain to ſteer homeward.

During the courſe of the voyage, I recovered the uſe of my leg; and we arrived ſafe at Rotterdam laſt October.

The captain was uncommonly kind to me, and I continued with him all the winter during which time, I made a voyage, with him to Bourdeaux.

The ſight of my native coaſt as we paſſed the channel, increaſed in me the deſire ever uppermoſt in my boſom, that of re- viſiting it.

I laid

I laid all my affairs open to my good friend the captain, who sincerely commiserated me; and, as my desire to visit the place of my nativity became more and more prevalent, he at length gave me money for my expences, and paid my fare for England, advising me to keep myself to myself, shake a hand with my known friends, and then return to him again, that so we might, next season, once more try our luck in searching out the old Greenland colony that had afforded me a two years refuge—an attempt which the captain's heart seems much set upon. This was my intention; but you discovered me, Mr. Penson; and the being discovered (till I knew who you were) shook my temper, as it disconcerted my plan; for a discovery, gentlemen, in my circumstances, without friends and without fortune, would be fatal to me.

Indeed, gentlemen, I know not how it is; but the nearer I approach my home,
methinks

methinks I am less and less possessed with that intrepidity which supported me in my misfortunes at a distance. Perhaps it may arise from this; that as I flatter myself with more hope, I feel I have more to fear; and, perhaps, I should find it more difficult now, than ever, to extract a good omen from a bad appearance; but it matters nothing, where the meat cannot be mended, to make wry mouths at the soup. Though, I hope, I shall not be forced to quit dear England till I have seen my poor old father, and — — —

— — —” — — — — —
— — — — — *

Here Tom was interrupted, or rather a period put to his narrative by Captain Brudnell, who exclaimed—

“Avast, boy!—No quitting again by way of compulsion, d’ye see; but if thy inclination

* Here end the Curate’s interpolations alluded to in the note prefixed to his narrative.—What follows is wholly his who marks the conclusion with his signature.

inclination lies in that quarter, why then nothing better ; but no absconding for fear of being grappled by a rascal. Thou hast had foul play, my lad. Suppose we were, for a moment, to overhaul the particulars a little more to the purpose :—perhaps something may be done.”

I replied to the captain, that I had already determined something should be done ; and then gave him a repetition of particulars respecting the cause of Tom’s misfortunes, which naturally led me to give a character of the ’Squire, and to enlarge on the treatment wherewith he still treated poor Tom’s old father.

The recital highly worked on the passions of the worthy captain : but as we were not arrived in London, and had quitted the boat ; during our passage in which, Tom had entertained us with the latter part of his story ; the captain took a hasty leave of us, saying, he had affairs that required
his

his presence, and that, perhaps, he should not be able to see us again before the next evening; but insisting that I should not part with Tom till he had seen him again; as then he would concert with me some plan to relieve him from all further apprehensions of the 'Squire's malice.

But I, Bountly, have little opinion of what the good captain may concert; for though he has the best heart in the world, that heart is too open to be entrusted with the management of an affair that may require less spirit than circumspection. However, I will not part with Tom till the captain's return.

Thus, my friend, judging by my own feelings, that thou would'st be interested in it, I have taken the pleasure to write for thee the History of our old School-fellow, as he delivered it to the captain and me, partly at the inn, and partly in our passage to London, along the Thames: and, as
nearly

nearly as my faculties could recollect, in his own terms, though, I am conscious, not precisely so; for, not being sufficiently acquainted with their meaning to take in their full force, many of his marine allusions were soon lost from my memory, which loss I have been obliged to supply with phrases of my own, and that often to the injury of the narrative; for Tom's language, though not elegant, was, however, according to his general maxim, suited to the occasion.

Poor Tom!—he has undergone severe trials, and he has supported them magnanimously; but, methinks, had he been a little less the hero, he had been the more amiable man.—Yet, is not this stricture the fault of my conceptions?

“Suit thyself to the occasion,” is a good precept; but not a precept that would suit every one.—Every thing is in the extreme. Events make too little impression on the minds of some, on others too much.

Never-

Nevertheless, Tom's character, though in my estimation a little too hardy, a little too unmelting, seems to be the character nature meant for man, who has to act on a stage strewn daily with cares and disappointments.

Adieu,

W. WANLEY PENFON.

THE
MELANCHOLY MAN.

PART IX.

PENSON IN PROSPERITY.

PENSON TO HIS FRIEND BOUNTLY.

London.

DEAR Bountly, thine I received.—
Thy congratulations on my accession to
the goods of fortune are, undoubtedly,
grateful to me, as thou, I know, valuest
me neither the more nor the less on that
account. I have been with attornies and
agents, and I know not who, all day yester-
day and to-day. (Wealth is the parent of
trouble.) But I had an eye to my sifter in
the business; which, as I looked on it as a
deed of justice, rendered it the less irk-
some to me: but she knows nothing of
my

my design yet. Would she but yield me a sister's affection, how should I be overpaid. Yet, love is not my debtor. The attachment of the gentle Sylvia clears all accounts.

Captain Brudenell did not return last night to our expectations, nor is he returned yet. When I have heard what he may propose, I will tell thee what I have already determined to do in the case of Tom Snell. Heaven has now favoured me with the means, and — : but I am summoned to dinner.

EVENING.

How often is human prudence eventually put to the blush !

Yet, therefore, shall we be imprudent ?—

No.—But in the midst of our prudence it should teach us to take with us the conception of a superintending power, whose movements are not always to be traced by human foresight.

We had just dined.—Snell and I, were conferring on a means whereby to assert his innocence, and clear him from the sentence of mistaken justice, when, Captain Brudenell entered hastily to us, with a countenance highly elated, and waving his hat with one hand, and grasping Tom's hand with the other, cried, "A cheer!—A cheer, my lad!—Brought'n to man.—Made'n strike in a twinkling.—Over-hauled his accounts—nailed up his roarers—took ransom—and turned'n a drift!—Captain Brudenell's the man! Eh?"——

Tom stared; and I stared.

"Pray Sir, let us comprehend you?"——

"Comprehend!—Why that old curmudgeonly son of a w—— at N—— there.—I have done for him. Here, boy, here's ransom; [turning out a purse of gold into his hat] all thy own, boy:—And here's more, look, for thy old dad!—Transported, Eh!—No, no.—If he had not brought to, Captain Brudenell would have went
near

near to have transported him into the other world—Dead his mazard ! ”

The conclusion of this speech rather alarmed us. I begged to know particulars.

“ Shalt,” says he, “ but avast a moment, let’s have my brother conqueror with me first, though.”

And he was turning towards the door, but ere he reached it, he stepped back again to me, and patting me on the shoulder, said,

“ Harkye, lad ! Don’t set it down neglected, that I did not call thy assistance in this affair, d’ye see ; for though I was cocksure I should conquer, yet I guessed the day would be hard fought. Now, Captain Brudenell, d’ye see, heeds nothing himself : but those he regards, he would rather should share his glory as conqueror, than share his danger in the conquest. That’s a true seaman’s heart, lad, and it is on this principle he fights for his king and his country.”

There

There was something so fatherly in the terms and manner of this apology, Bountly, that I could not but be pleased with it; at the same time, that I could hardly help smiling at the idea we reciprocally entertained of each other: for, I believe in the bottom, the captain thought *me* as unfit for the enterprize of adjusting Tom's affairs, as I thought *him*.

But he had now stept out, whence soon returning with a gentleman, whom he introduced as his sub-captain, he proceeded to unfold his achievements; and which, as thou hast expressed thyself pleased with some traits of the captain's character, occasionally given thee in some former letters, I will endeavour to lay before thee, for thy amusement (and seldom has my heart been light enough to suffer my pen to raise a smile), as nearly as I can recollect, in his own terms.—'Tis true, Bountly, my pen is not *so* pointed, as to trace the line even of another's hilarity

with pleasantness; yet, why should I not learn of Snell, to suit myself to the occasion? *that* now smiles on me; and, why cannot I smile with it? Yes, I will endeavour to reflect its smile on my friend: 'tis a debt I owe him, on whom I have so often reflected the gloom of my sorrows.

Thus then the captain.

"So soon," said he, "as I had learnt the strength and posture of the enemy, I formed my plan of operations in a twinkling; and I parted with you at the wharf, only to put it in execution: for I don't like, d'ye see, to stand shilly shally, when the wind sets in the sail.—So, thought I, I'll say nothing about it till 'tis over. Comparing schemes will only produce objections, and breed delay; and one plan is as good as another, till 'tis tried.

So off I set—to Jemmy's, here;—he was once my clerk; and an honest cock; but now, a rogue of an attorney. But this was so much the better for my purpose. So I
hauled

hauled over my chart to him, and took him along with me directly to N - - -, which we reached the next morning in pomp: myself the flag ship, d'ye see; Jemmy, here, a second rate, and two frigates; Dick, my own rascal, one, and Ben, Jemmy's dagler, the other.

Having got possession of the best moorings in the place, I sent Jemmy's man to bring the enemy along-side of me: and he, by some palaver, I know not what; but I suppose a twanger of a lie, drawn out by Jem here, brought him along presently.

"Servant, Sir," said he, as he was introduced into the room where I was sitting.

"Servant, Sir," said I.

A waiter put a chair for him, and retired.

He sat down with as much importance, as a Spaniard on his poop.

Split me, thought I, I'll alter your phiz presently.

"You are Mr. T - - -?" said I.

M 2

"Yes,

"Yes, fir," said he, "and I find by the gentleman, your messenger, that——"

"No matter," said I, "we have affairs of consequence to adjust. Here are a brace of pistols, d'ye see, each loaded with a brace of flugs. There's one of them for you" said I, laying it on the side of the table next to him.

At the sight of the pistol, he hitched his chair to his backside, and shuffled back a full fathom.

"Don't be alarmed, man," said I, "I proffer you *that* merely a sa hint that, tho' we have authority otherwise to enforce our commission, I am yet ready, if you rather choose it, to treat with you in the way of honour."

"This is very extraordinary indeed," said he.

"Belike so," said I, "the cause is extraordinary, man."

He started on his legs

"Man!"—repeated he, "do you know who you speak to?"

"Mighty

“Mighty well,” replied I—“to a rascal that deserves not the title.”

“Blood and death!”—said he, and was making towards the door.

“Ay, hell, and the devil too,” said I, “but you don’t escape me.” And taking a pistol in my hand, I stepped before him, and lock’d the door.

He roar’d “Murder!”

Luckily we were in an upper room, and I had stationed look-outs to keep the coast clear.

“Coward,” said I, and I caught him by his bottle-nose, and lugged him back to his chair, “Coward” said I, “do’st take me for a pirate, and that I board thee without a commission.”

“Commission!” stammered he, trembling with fear and rage, “What, a commission to pull me by the nose?”

“Ay, to pull thee by the neck,” retorted I—“Do’st know my Lord C—,
the

the Earl of A——, or the Duke of L——, Eh?"

"Yes, their names," said he, "and what then?"

"Why that's enough to make such a one as thee tremble," said I.

"Tremble," echo'd he.

"Hark ye," said I, lowering my voice, "A word in your ear. Do'st know one Tom Snell?——Why—how now?—What do'st yaw so for, man—?—Why, Snell is neither lord nor duke, nor devil, is he?"

The 'Squire, however, continued for some minutes to yaw, and stare like a cat in the dark.

At last he started up, and, swelling like a blown calf,

"This trick is not to be borne," said he.

I bellied as big as he.

"Trick, Sir!" said I, "I have a mind to ram the word back into your throat."

He

He again pushed towards the door, and called for help. I snatched the pistol again from the table, and, clapping it to his breast,

“Yelp once more,” said I, “and I’ll send a messenger into your bosom, d’ye see, in search of a *heart*; for, by what I can learn, you are one of those things which were made of a Saturday night, and, in the hurry of finishing, were jumbled together *without one* !”

He staggered back from the pistol with the yell of a runaway dog.

“Hark ye, Mr. Gouty-toes,” said I, “you think yourself mighty great, in this little place, because there’s none greater; but I value your greatness not at a rope’s end. My commission is from the first authorities in the realm.—Your rapes, and your murders, and your riding over the necks of your neighbours, d’ye see, are all known among the great ones; and I have power, if you make any resistance,
mind

mind me, to blow you and all your territories, here, into the air.—”

————— Her-r-r-r-rat-tat-tat-too went the drums!—Bounce went the artillery.—“ Lord ha’ mercy upon me!” cried the old rogue.

“ Mercy! man,” said I, “ How came that word in thy mouth?—What Lord will have mercy on thee, Eh?—Did’st ever have mercy on any body thyself?—No, no.—The Lord, indeed! why the lords are all against thee—ay, and the dukes too, and the juries, and the king, and the judges, and the admiralty, and all the world beside;—so submit—strike at once, d’ye see, and be hanged, as you ought.”—Bounce again went the guns.—Rat-tat, rat-tat-tum went the drums.—“Gad, how old Square-toes quak’d!”

And, Bountly, if the circumstance of the guns and drums surpris’d the ‘Squire, I was little less surpris’d at the description

of it, which occasioned me to interrupt the captain with,

“What guns?—What drums, fir?”

“Split me, how you break over one,” said he, “What, I suppose, you thought Captain Brudenell did not know the requisites for a storm? but ye were out in your reckoning. However, the spell ye wonder at was the swing of a rope, d’ye see, rather than the compass of design. Tell ye how ’twas: — A little before we made N——, yesterday morning we came up with a recruiting party—I recollected the serjeant—he had served aboard my ship. ‘Lads,’ said I, ‘call at my inn in the next town, and drink the king’s health at my expence!’ A thought struck me, d’ye see, but I was not fool enough to say any thing to them about it: but I gave my rascal, Dick, his cue; and so, d’ye see, whilst I was aloft on duty, he took the soldiers, and regaled them, cheering the king’s health, and mine, and flammng his pistols in the court-yard. This was firing double-headed shot, d’ye see ;

see; for, while it served my purpose up stairs, it drew the attention of the people below, and confounded their hearing; only Dick was a little behind hand with it, d'ye see, and now give me leave to bear in to the line of my story again. Where was't? Oh!—I told the old rogue he ought to surrender quietly, and be hanged."

"Surrender! be hanged!" said he, "to whom—for what?"

"O, if that be all," I replied, "You shall soon know.—Here, Mr. Officer, this way, d'ye hear!"——

And now, master Jemmy, here, marched out of the inner cabin, with several papers, folded and sealed up, in his hand, and looking as demure as a raw sailor in a storm, he began his palaver with—
"Sir, I beg pardon.—Mr. T—T—, I presume.—I have a ———: but, zounds, this jabber don't fit my jaw:—Tell it thyself, Jem—come?"

The

The attorney now took up the story.

“Why, fir,” said he, “when I entered, I directly saw that the work was sufficiently heated, and only wanted now to be moulded.”

The 'Squire was standing aloof from the captain, his countenance changing from red to black, and black to red, every moment, like tobacco in a Dutchman's pipe;—whilst the worthy captain was standing tip-toe over against him, like a gamecock, in the act of crowing over his antagonist.

I desired them both to be seated;—was sorry their tempers were changed;—that our business, to be sure, was disagreeable, but that the law must not go unexecuted, because the execution of it was unpleasant.—That one Mr. Snell, who once suffered under a groundless charge, brought against him by one T --- T ---, Esquire, had, by his gallant behaviour, acquired the patronage of many persons of distinction;—

tion ;—that he was in high favour with the Duke of L ---, the Earl of A ---, and with the Lords of the Admiralty in general. That the said Mr. Snell, having sufficient evidence to justify his allegations against the said T --- T ---, Esquire, had taken the opinion of the first counsel in the kingdom ; and that, in consequence, his principal patron, the Duke of L ---, had determined to procure him justice, and had dispatched us, in pursuance of that determination, with a warrant from the Lord Chief Justice, to take the person of the said T --- T --- into custody. That myself, properly speaking, who had been bred to the law, was the person to whom this authority was principally entrusted ; but that the gentleman who sat beside me, and who was a Captain in his Majesty's Navy, and had been witness to Mr. Snell's desert, had voluntarily engaged, for the sake of justice, in the disagreeable task of assisting the authority of the law,

law, if opposition should render such assistance necessary; he being determined to bring the person accused by his friend, Mr. Snell, forthwith to answer his demerits before those appointed to decide his fate.

I observed, at every word I uttered, the Squire breathed shorter and shorter, and by the time I had finished, he was panting, with his mouth open, like a dying fish: however, he recovered presence of mind enough to demand, what the charges were against him?

I have a copy, said I, but I won't affront you by reading it. I will only inform you, that, in the first place, stands "false evidence," secondly, "false imprisonment."—

He brightened a little here.

"Why, to be sure, 'twas a hard case," said he, "and I have vexed about it a thousand times; but it appeared so against him,

him, that I was as much deceived as the judge who tried him."

"It does not appear so by the evidence on our side the question," said I, "but I shall be happy to find you excusable:—but then, fir, a third charge is "a rape on the body of a sister of this Mr. Snell."

The 'Squire now looked like the effigy of surprise, formed of grey marble.—

"Why—why—why—he can't have evidence of that," stammered he, "for 'twas done in a back-room, out of all hearing."

"That is more than you know," replied I, "a key-hole is often both ear and eye: but add to this, a fourth charge is the death of this person on whom you acknowledge the rape; for death is also laid at your door. After which follows a long list of lawless oppressions, practised on the father of the said Mr. Snell. In short, fir, the charges are so many, and so positively laid, that, though it may be what I could wish,

yet I have but little hope you will be able to get clear of them ; nor are they merely charges ; why, fir, your prosecutors have been indefatigable these six months in procuring evidence !”——

“ What, and I know nothing of it,” cried he—“ O Lord ! O Lord !—Why they’ll swear my life away ; and I shall be hanged, and made ballads on.—Who’d ever have thought it ?—but ’twas all misapprehension, fir—at least a great deal of it—To be sure, as a body may say, I—I—I I.—To be sure, it must look black, fir, but I—I.—D’ye think, fir, there is no means”——

Just here the Captain walked away with an affected carelessness into the inner room.

The ‘Squire continued, “ Is there no means, fir, d’ye think—’Twas not half so bad as is represented ; but, God, my character will be ruined, any how, if it gets wind.—Is there no method.—’Tis hard a
gentleman

gentleman should be treated like a beggar!"

"No difference in the eye of the law, fir," said I, "among gentlemen, privately, to be sure, situations in life might be admitted as some excuse, but public courts of justice are the devil that way."

"They are—they are"—replied the 'Squire—"but—but—is there no possibility of avoiding them?—Consider, fir, the character of a gentleman, eight hundred a year fir; will that noway procure a man to be distinguished from a vagrant?"

"Why, fir," said I, "the captain being luckily withdrawn, I will impart to you, what was privately entrusted to me by the Duke of L——, to wit, that if I found the person accused to be a gentleman (his grace being very tender of that character), and that he had any thing tolerable to advance as an apology for the faults he had committed, that then I should conduct the business so secretly, as not to injure his reputation."

putation. This, fir, will account for our behaviour.—I have been as cautious as possible, fir. Even the musketeers, who came with us to assist us in our office, in case of resistance, know nothing more, than that they are ordered here to recruit. And, would the captain, who is as resolute as a rough wind, and very hasty in his resentments, would he, I say, but have suffered me to have had the first interview with you, you would have been spared some improper treatment. But the captain, fir, is very revengeful—he considers the cause he is engaged in as his own, and the Duke of L—— and he are so gracious, that I was obliged to give him his way—and, 'tis generally a strange way when any thing moves his temper. I almost wonder, fir, he had not shot you.”

“God deliver me,” cried the Squire, “fir, you speak like a civil gentleman—I’m glad the captain has left us a moment—But you fir, can you inform me of no means——

May I not send for my attorney, and consult him, and"——

"Certainly, fir," said I, "if *you* have no objection to the affair being made public, *I* can have none ; but it has been kept private hitherto, that your character might not suffer, in case I found you not quite so guilty as the charges represent you, and, because the world will always suppose the worst, if they get a story by the end.

"That's true, fir, replied he, and I am much obliged to you.—Why, to be sure, I could say many things in my own behalf, but—I should be loath to appear, if I could help it, before these noblemen.—God, what a fray 'tis ! *Here*, look ye, I am considered as the first, the very *first*, fir, and *there* to be treated as dirt"——

"Why, certainly," interrupted I, "incensed as they all are, they will not think much of respect."——

"Ay, that's what I mean," cried he ; "you are a civil gentleman, fir ; but what

was

was you saying.—Can I avoid d'ye think ?
—Can I escape.”——

“Escape! exclaimed I, bless me! no fir,
my life would answer it. The captain
would pistol me—Yet, I wish to serve you;
but you cannot escape.—Let me see.—
There is one way.—Suppose we endeavour
to lessen the crimes laid to your charge, in
the captain's judgment?—I'll call him in.
You shall urge all the excuse you can.—
But don't deny facts; for, if you do, he'll
discredit every thing else you say; nor do
not speak slightly of Snell, for in that case,
you must expect the rashest resentment. I
have told you the captain's character—but
we will try what can be done.”

I called the captain, who now swaggered
in demanding, if we were yet ready to put
off.

I told him, the gentleman, our prisoner,
though he acknowledged the facts, yet had
so much to urge in excuse, that I began to
wish things had not been carried so far.

The captain, at this, assumed a fearful passion. However, I affected to sooth him, and to persuade him, that 'twas more misapprehension, than evil design, and that, as it could not now be undone, it appeared to me, as we were authoris'd with discretionary powers, that it would be better Mr. Snell accepted some pecuniary retribution of the offender, than to prosecute him: for, that supposing he reached the gentleman's life, what an unprofitable point would it be when compass'd.

You will suppose the captain would not suffer himself to hear this patiently. Nevertheless, after some time, many arguments, and bringing the old culprit on his marrow-bones, the captain yielded (to make short of the matter) with a kind of dumb ill-natured consent.

The stipulated conditions were a certain sum to young Snell, as a recompence for his sufferings, and the like to his father (neither of which we thought proper to
set

set very low)—that he [the 'Squire] should acknowledge the truth of the charges laid against him—by his sign manual; with the allowance only to add such apologies for the commission of his offences as we thought admissible; and, lastly, that he should ask pardon in writing of the offended parties; which last article, the captain insisted the old fellow should sign on his knees.

Thus, with the surrender of the bond of old Mr. Snell, which the 'Squire hitherto held, and signing all the said articles except the last, in the presence of two witnesses, who were the landlord of the inn, and a tradesman of the parish (but who were not made acquainted with the contents of the papers) the affair ended! 'tho' at one time, faith, I was rather doubtful of the consequences; but the 'Squire is a dolt; besides, there's little reason ever to fear success under captain Brudenell."

The captain, rubbing his hands, replied

to this compliment with a laugh of high ſelf-ſatisfaction.

“ But *thee* haſt forgot, man,” ſaid he, “ the thouſand thanks the old rogue poured over us for our conſideratenefs, and how, like a ſpaniel, he fawned on us when he tendered us the draught on his banker. A cowardly knave—’twould have done me good to have kick’d him.—But then, had you but ſeen him five minutes after.—Gad, what a pickle! All fair chance too, d’ye ſee. Jemmy was not there, but ’twas dirt to dirt with a witneſs, as ye ſhall hear; for juſt as the old fellow ſheered off, d’ye ſee, I bethought me that ’twould be lubberly in me not to let him know where I may be found, in caſe his ſtomach ſhould yaw with the conceit of my behaviour: ſo I ſtept after him, and hove in fight juſt as he made his court wall, which was re-fitting.

“ Yo, ho, Mr.” ſaid I.

He ſtared round: but inſtead of bearing up, he fell back into a quag of mortar, and
in

in a twinkling pitch'd a-stern, and bedded in it up to his bows, and there sat squat, like a frog in a bog, as the saying is—but so confoundedly flabbergasted (for he thought, I suppose, that I was coming to cancel my terms) that he forgot his situation, and, instead of endeavouring to heave off his aft, began croaking—"Gad, fir, you do me honour fir! you do me honour—please to walk in—this is my feat, fir."

Split me, if I could help grinning in his chops;

"I see'tis, old boy," said I, "and faith I think a very suitable birth;—but, d'ye hear, my name is John Brudenell—and when you'd see me again, call at the Admiralty—that's all;" and so saying, without offering to heave him out of the mud, I bore away; for, d'ye see, I thought the dirty fellow had anchored in a very proper soil."

And here, after informing us with what speed he had returned to London, to impart to us the news of his success, and how
he

he had that moment got the old 'Squire's draughts discounted at the banker's, the captain concluded his adventure.

Thus, Bountly, by means I could not have hoped, (and between ourselves) by means I could not have wished (for 'twas a mad project, and had it not been practised on a compound of fool and coward, must have confounded the projector) has fortune saved me the trouble of reconciling Tom's affairs, for, as I have already said, I had determined to procure him justice. But, 'tis done sufficiently; better perhaps than I could have done it. Truly, I believe it is:—for I am not cut out for a swaggerer: and yet there are men with whom noise and bluster will work more than the most cogent expostulation. These I compare to boys, who will run at the yelp of a cur, tho' a moment before, they played at the heels of a horse, without apprehension of danger.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON TO HIS FRIEND BOUNTLY.

London.

LONDON, how do I like it? This is the question of my friend, and consequently, as such, merits an answer. Otherwise it would have been a subject I should have chosen to avoid, as I know so little of it; but, as it is started—"brief let me be."

From what I have *heard*, I consider London as the school of iniquity, and am willing to take as few lessons in it as possible.

Heard! why art thou not in it, Penson?

Granted. Yet I choose to say *heard*; for what I have seen has not been sufficient either to invalidate report, or confirm it—

"Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the Pantheon."

"Why,

“Why, Bountly, how could'st thou think I would search for pleasure in the rounds of dissipation?—Retirement and a friend for me.

Yet I have visited all these places. What then?—Why I could now and then enjoy them, were it not for the reflection, that they are the hot beds, where the seeds of the most hateful vices often most vigorously germin.

To assemble there for a little recreation were desirable, if one could but keep the imps of hell from assembling with the children of innocence; but a public place is a villain's market.

Were it not for this reflection, I say, I could *sometimes* relish the amusements these places afford; but not often.—Their frequency, I think, would pall my appetite.—Nor can I conceive what insipid beings those must be who require the every-day repetition of such stimulæ.—No life!—No spirits!

spirits ! till set going in the whirl of dissipation !—Why, I would as soon be a school-boy's top.

Thou wilt blame these strictures, my friend, and wilt again tell me I destroy my own happiness by analysing it too nicely. Perhaps I do.—A man who is unacquainted with the structure of the human body, and the diseases incident thereto, is, undoubtedly, less unhappy, when the approach of some malady is to be apprehended, than he who is familiar with the one, and who has made the other his study.

But, as the more I write on this subject, the more only wilt thou have to blame—I will leave thee to gather, from these hints, my opinion of London ;—and now let me turn to affairs nearer my heart.

My sister is married.—Yesterday, for the first time, I embraced her *German spouse* ; and yesterday, I believe, he, for the first time, embraced her,

I thought

I thought I should have had something particular to have related of the ceremony of marriage amongst people so peculiar in their manner as the Moravians: but I am disappointed.—However I will just tell thee what did pass; and it might be related in ten words.

My sister was married at the parish church; after the ceremony there performed, we (for I attended and disposed of her hand) returned to the chapel in Fetterlane, where many of the fraternity being assembled, there was a love-feast; a rite which, as I have described it to thee in a former letter, I will say nothing of here; except to observe, that these people transact nothing of any consequence without a love-feast.—If a new member be admitted to their community, there is a love-feast.—If a society get a new pastor, there is a love-feast.—When an old pastor is about to depart to a new vocation, there is a love-feast.

—Birth

—Birth-days, wedding-days, and all *times* and *tides* are observed with a love-feast.

But this is attended with expence, thou wilt cry. Not much.—There was a time when it was attended with more. Now each member pays, for tea and rolls, three-pence.—No great matter. And as frugality is inculcated among them, in every department of life, the poorest are seldom without a three-pence, wherewith to pay their share of the reckoning.

Well, but Penfon, methinks I hear thee cry, thou wert but just now passing strictures on amusements—now thou art revelling in love-feasts.—Is not a love-feast an amusement?

Granted—and an amusement, like other amusements, doubtlessly liable to perversion. But I believe these folks endeavour to bolt out the devil from their assemblies as strongly as they can. Whether he sometimes creeps through the key-hole or not, I cannot determine; I can only say, I never
met

met with him there, at least not in those garbs in which he can be positively identified.—But though I like not religious ceremonies, yet, as I reverence the motive that inspired them, I would not indulge an unbecoming levity on the subject. Perhaps, to an unaccustomed eye, some ceremonies in our own church might appear but as objects to break a jest on.

After the love-feast, the afternoon was spent in decent conviviality. But love, in its common import, between the new-married folks, that was out of the question. The gentleman, indeed, sometimes, in attempts as broken as his English, offered remnants of speeches, rather tender, to his bride: but she was—merely resigned,—unmoved—I know not how—nor do I wish to know.

The only thing that seemed to affect her was, when I presented her with some notes and draughts I had prepared for the occasion. Her eyes quickened a moment; when

she saw their contents, she glanced them on me—Ah, brother!—she cried, but the warmth of the sentiment declining, even in the utterance, into a cold—"Thank ye" concluded with—"if Mr. L—— will accept these he'll thank you for me."

Mr. L——, though a German, was not so frigid in his acknowledgments. He thanked me with heartiness, embraced me, and wish'd me his brother in the spirit of truth.—And a good wish too, Bountly; for if a man proffer me that which he most esteems himself, 'tis an evident proof of good-nature.

But my sister is so rapt, so spiritualized, that I am sometimes led to think I am yet deceived with regard to our kin; for I am mere man.

What's here—a letter?—two letters!—excuse me a moment, Bountly.

O, Hap-

O, Happiness! thou inestimable pearl! how often, after having long laboured to open the shell that contains thee, do we cast thee away; because not precisely equal to our wish!

Bountly! my sister loved me; but as she *dared* to love me *only as a sister*, she resolved not to love me at all.

I loved her, Bountly, I knew not why, before I knew she was my sister:—but then, when our affinity was discovered—O then, at that moment I could have divided my existence with her.—A sister!—Dear relationship!—'Twas the very charity my heart panted to experience.

Not so, Isabel. She left me—she immediately fled;—but hear her. I transcribe the letter she has just sent me—

TO MR. WANLEY PENSON.

Dear Brother,

I AM a sinner.—I am greatly so. And 'tis to acknowledge my sinfulness,
that

that I now write to you. Self-justification has long been tempting me; but I have been enabled to abhor it. Yes, brother, I have been vile: but I am now purified: therefore can I lift up my head. My carnal is become spiritual, my affections are turned from earth to Heaven; therefore can I confess my faults in simplicity.

Yet every thing is not perfect. For were it not that I know I shall be far away when you receive this, Nature, which has long struggled against such an abasement, would, I am conscious, still prevent my acknowledging that which, however, it is necessary I should acknowledge—namely—the *cause* of the mysteriousness of my conduct towards you. —An acknowledgment which, at last, I make not so much, perhaps, because my sin requires such a mortification, as because (not to mention here what finally decided in favour of such an acknowledgment) your late generosity to me, renders that a

double obligation *now*, which to have done *before* would have been a propriety.

I loved you, brother. And even to have loved you, as a brother, in the excess, had been a sin; as it would have been giving that to the creature which is only due to the Creator;—but how shall I say it.—Nature is a fly, vile thing, in league with Satan to undo us!—Do not plead the cause of nature, brother! 'tis all corrupt.—I loved you—The blush of shame and confusion overwhelms me as I write.—Yes, I loved you *more* than as a *sister* should.

Your kindness to me, a stranger, when you first found me:—your affectionate behaviour to me after, made me respect you as a dear friend, a generous protector; a man superior to men.—And that disposition in you, which the world calls goodness—but which is only a cast of nature, and which, though praise-worthy in some respects, deserves not the name of

3

goodness,

goodness, unless it be the consequence of a renewed heart.—This speciousness in you so beguiled me, that I even adored you;—I could have knelt to you as to my God.—Add to this—your melancholy transfused itself through me—it melted me into a sinful softness—I nourished the infection—I wished what I dared not hope—I felt what I dared not express. Your sighs penetrated my bosom, but I envied the object of them. “O!” thought I, “that I were this much loved Linny.”—Ah, brother, who can trace the subtilities of evil?—This goodness of your’s could not be goodness; for how then could it have begot sin.—Yet it did, and my bosom fostered it, till it pleased Heaven to open my eyes to see what a serpent I had been fostering.

But I cannot paint to you the conflicts of my heart, when it was discovered that I was your sister.

I immediately felt my iniquity; for I

O 2

shuddered

shuddered at the title, which, had my affection been pure, would have filled me with rapture.

You embraced me on this discovery of our relationship.—Horror prevented my returning your embrace.—On my part it would have been a crime.—My embrace had been *more* than sisterly. I can never forget the sensation of that moment—a sensation which, since then, has often thrilled through me, and never more forcibly than when you again, some weeks ago, embraced me, on discovering me in my retreat here in London.

—Not that my bosom then retained its sinful sentiments—O no—But it still retained the horror of its crime, and which was suddenly quickened by your unexpected approach.

But, to return. I have said how this discovery shocked me—but I was enabled to gather strength from my defeat. You know I sometimes attended Mr. Hughes's meeting

ing—I had been there the evening before. The subject then insisted on was, that the likeliest means to triumph over temptation was to flee from it—The arguments I then heard, now recurred to me with irresistible force—Yes, thought I—I must flee or fall.—

I left you—you the most dreadful, because the dearest of all objects. Yes—I left the house of a new-found father, and an unparalleled brother, the same night; Heaven knows with what sensations—I was frightened at myself. I knew I could not see you without augmenting my crime—My looks, had been the looks of unlawfulness—I fled—I would have fled, had it been possible, even from myself.—O how deep was I plunged in iniquity ere I was aware—But Heaven in mercy suffered, or rather ordained, that the discovery of my sinful desires, and a quick sense of their sinfulness, should be the work of the same moment: and I can now be thankful, even
for

for the evil I was permitted to fall into, as Providence made it the means of weaning me quite from the world.

Reason, indeed, ſtruggled hard to convince me that I might, by keeping my own ſecret, reſide with you blameleſſly : but a ſuperior power impelled me to fly from temptation, and not to truſt myſelf to my own frail fortitude. Beſides, though I could, in reſiding with you, have avoided actual ſin—yet it would have been tampering with evil, and the ſin of the heart had not been ſufficiently rooted out.

I ſet off the ſame night, and before morning overtook a London carrier—I cared not whither I went, ſo I eſcaped far enough from the ſight of you. I engaged with him to take me to London, where I hoped to get a ſervice, if I could not get one before I arrived there; which I endeavoured to do at every ſtage; but not till after I was got between three and fourſcore miles from
G————

With

With this carrier, I travelled to a village within a few miles of London. I had come the last stage in company with a country farmer's wife, whom I acquainted with my wish to get a place—She engaged me herself, as a temporary servant—Her home was in the village. She quitted the waggon. I went with her—She liked me, and I remained with her. The whole was the direction of a most benign Power. Frequently in the company of this good woman, I had an opportunity of being under the word; it quickened me to yet a greater sense of my own vileness.—I no longer sought excuses to palliate my demerits; but throwing myself entirely on mercy, I found it; and can now rejoice in the occasion that opened my eyes to the perverseness of unregenerated nature.

From this time, all that base fire which before sweltered in my bosom, was converted to a spiritual flame—The affairs of the world concerned me not; I was dead to them.

them.—O brother! did you but know the happiness of having no relish for the things of time! of having no will, no affections, no desires of one's own.—But I hope the time will come.—Yet the conquest over nature cannot be quite complete, whilst the soul dwells in this polluted tenement. For which reason, I am not sorry that I am this moment going again to leave you. Having loved you too much; I dread even to love you at all.

I have been long hesitating, and reasoning about accounting thus for my conduct to you. Nor, should I now have done it, but that a Power, superior to reason, decided in favour of my so doing.

I am summoned on board the ship that is to convey me from England, and from you.—This is the will of Heaven, and it cannot but be right. The partner, whom the same dispensation has given me, is waiting for me, so adieu.—I shall leave this to be delivered after I am gone, as an interview

view on the refusal would not be desirable.

—— Farewell, brother. Make haste and get a new heart, and, till then, believe thy most refined sensations to be only insidious beguilers.

ISABELLA L————

Penson, in continuation.

O Bountly, what a confession!——But, in what a manner confessed!——Were our passions given us for a blessing or a curse?——Circumscribed by reason, I always considered them as the gracious gift of him who never dispenses evil.—But here is one, which rebelled not against reason, yet fills the mind with horror. I almost hate myself for inspiring it.—I shall begin to suspect that there is some evil infection about me, since my best intentions produce unhappiness.—Yet surely, as she sinned unconsciously, the crime was nothing? “Who shoots an arrow o’er the house, and slays his
his

his brother," is no murderer. And innocent *was* my sister, though she loved me *more* than as a brother, because she knew me not *as* a brother. And innocent she *is*, for she flies even from the shadow of sin. What! afraid to trust herself with me!—Vain fear, Isabel. The purity of thy heart, which thou hast sufficiently evinced, might have secured thee.—But thou art my own sister, thou considerest things too abstractedly, and often, by the same means, have I defeated my own happiness. Alas, Isabel, thou hast deprived thyself of the society of an affectionate brother, and thy brother of a sister, whom he would have delighted in the acknowledgment of, because thou conceivedst thy love for him to be not sufficiently pure. Fanciful woman!——But I reverence thy motive.

And now, O Bountly, but for Sylvia and all the hopes that of late exhilarated, my spirits would be dashed from me, and I should be left without one tender ligature

to

to connect me with an undesirable world. Heaven, I am afraid, ordained me for an oddling ; I would fain coincide with its ordination, and say, thy will be done ; but I find myself incapable. Its designs seem so sinister to my desires, that I am rather inclined to be jealous of it. Who knows, since Providence is so austere towards me, but, ere the moment shall arrive that shall unite me to Sylvia, that shall secure me the consolation of her affection, by a bandage indissoluble, she too, my only remaining hope, may be taken from me.—But excuse me, my friend. My ideas are too heavy just now to rise into language, let me fly to lighten them—where as yet it is permitted me to repose the frequent heavinesses of my heart—in the conversation of my Sylvia.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

*Penfon to his Friend Bountly.**London.*

I HAVE been to Fetter-lane, and almost quarrelled with the fraternity for suffering my sister to depart without my privacy.

They heard me patiently, and then informed me, that though 'twas Isabel's desire, for reasons she thought proper to conceal; yet 'twas contrary to their wishes: but that it had been determined against them, and they doubted not 'twas all for the best. I understood their meaning, Bountly; but thou, I am aware, wilt not be able to divine it: therefore I will be their interpreter.

Whenever any thing is proposed among this sect, in which the parties consulted are not unanimous, it is an established rule with them to have recourse to the old Jew-

ish expedient of casting lots. This they do with a deal of solemnity; considering it as an appeal to the decision of the Omniscient—hence is the origin of that implicit obedience, which I have before noticed as a character of this people: for, as they think whatever is appointed among them is first determined by a power superior to reason, there can arise no jealousy of an undue influence in the determination.

This single institution has done more in uniting this people, and giving effect to their designs, than all the rest of their institutions put together, because all, actuated by the above idea, labour as one man to accomplish the project determined on, whatsoever it may be; and assiduity will sometimes accomplish that which reason could scarcely have expected.

—But yet, Bountly, is it not tempting Providence to make so free with its counsels,

Because

Because our eye cannot take in the universe at a glance, shall we therefore declare we cannot see at all, and, shutting our eyes, run ourselves on dangers ——? —Reason is the mind's eye, and on whatever subject it can comprehend, it ought to be exercised, or I think not even the decision of lots can excuse an imprudence.

But, I believe, I am more piqued against this institution now than I otherwise should have been, because it has helped to deprive me of my sister.

Yet, why should I desire her presence? —I can admire her virtues at a distance, and, were she present, she would not suffer me to enjoy her affections. Indeed, knowing what I know, I could not wish to encourage their re-expansion towards me. —How peculiar is my situation! thou, Bountly, can'st form no idea of the mixed sensibilities that agitate my bosom. Providence certainly delights in tantalizing

ing me—A sister!—O, how I doated on such an affinity!—What joys did I promise myself from it. I experienced the affinity, but found it, alas! barren of joys. *They* were withered, like Jonah's gourd, by a warmth unsuited to their nature.

But time, perhaps, may yet fructify it with mutual felicity.—See, Bountly, hope is already treading at the heels of disappointment.—Why yes, time may do much; but I am a fool to be cheated with deceptions repeated by the same deluder. Has not hope still cozened me with a sleight, whilst time filched away my pleasures?"——

But stay—let me not repine—Time has, however, spared me a Sylvia, in her I find all other losses supplied.—She is distressed at my sister's departure, and wonders at it; for she knows not the cause—but to me her attention is doubled, as tho' to make up the loss.—O, when she is mine, can I then be unhappy!

unhappy!—Thou biddest me hasten that period.—I intend it.—In a week or two we set off for Wales—Sylvia's favourite aunt resides there.—She presses us to make her house the Temple of Hymen:—Perhaps it may be so.

To-morrow I go down to N——, to give some directions, and regulate some affairs there which demand my presence. Wealth, Bountly, 'tis but the draught-horse of care; but as good and evil are still coupled together, I must expect that the pleasure of re-possession the estate of my progenitors will be attended with its disagreeables.

I dare say I shall have much to tell thee from N——. The old 'Squire—old Snell—poor Tom—my own affairs too, perhaps—but do I not trouble thee too much?—No—I know thou likest to look frequently into the heart of thy friend.—Thy letters evince thy attention to my
concerns,

concerns, and thy frequent reproofs, are evidences of thy regard - I thank thee for nothing so much, though, alas ! I profit not by them as I ought.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

P. S. Direct thy next to Mr. Brudenell's, at R——; for thither on my journey to N——, Sylvia will accompany me; and thither shall I return, when I have concluded the affairs which call me to N——.

Penfon to his Friend Bountly.

R-----.

A wounded spirit, like a recent burn,
Which feels, with fire's approach, the smart return,
Tho' heal'd, yet mindful where the wound she got,
Bleeds o'er again upon the adverse spot.

HERE I am, Bountly, again at R——; but not now in prison.—As I entered it, I could not help comparing my circumstance now, with my circumstance when I entered it last; but the comparison, as I think all comparisons do, lowered, instead of elevating my spirits!

Indeed, however, on a retrospect of danger, one may hug one's self in the consolation of having surmounted it; yet one cannot

cannot repass the spot where it occurred, without feeling a thrill of the original apprehension.

But Sylvia was with me. My good angel.—She can read the movements of my heart in my countenance.—She read them now; and as my own cheerfulness flattened, her's exerted itself the more; diverting my ideas with the kindest, and almost imperceptible art, from the gloom of past events to the happiness of the present moment; and she succeeded. I could look from the chaise, and survey the streets, as we passed along to Mr. Brudenell's, without the dread of meeting from the windows either the glance of reproachful pity, or supercilious contempt.

Mr. Brudenell received us (*us*, I say) kindly:—yea more, he received us with warmth, with affection; but ——— Did he affect *me*, or my wealth?—The doubt, Bountly, chilled the expression,

which would otherwise have warmly returned my regards.—I did not think I had been so malicious.—I must chastise myself for it.—I ought, ere now, to have forgotten every resentment against Mr. Brudenell; for though he wounded my feelings, he, however, laboured strenuously to save my life. Yes, I will henceforth believe that he loved me even when he hurt me most. He only loved Sylvia more; and wounded my pride only to prevent her from wounding her prosperity.

I once made use of the expression to thee, I think, that there is sometimes a pleasure not to be foregone in irritating the forming cicatrice. I again, to-day, experienced the truth of the observation.

My mind is hardly yet whole from the sorrows of imprisonment; yet I could not refrain stealing out this afternoon to re-visit the place of my confinement.

I am just returned.

My

My companion in all my rambles, faithful Tray, was my companion in this. He followed me voluntarily to the prison, but he liked not to enter the dreary gate.

Nature in no degree loves confinement—Tray had suffered confinement as well as I. —————

—— “Here, Tray?—What not follow thy master?”—He wagged his tail, but still kept without the gate.

’Tis right, thought I.—Misfortune but cements more firmly the attachment of friendship; but friendship itself may be excused from following the foot that wilfully steps into adversity.—“But see, Tray!—my feet are not now fettered:—Though I step in, I can step out again.”—Tray entered.

The gaoler expressed great pleasure at my visit. I gave him my hand, he shook it heartily. Methought he had washed his
face

face with the milk of humanity since I last saw him, and that it had much softened his harsh features.

Is this the man, thought I, who heeded not my prayer for the admission of my dog!—Could that Cerberean face be thus humanized?—Yes, and without a metamorphosis in itself. A troubled imagination, like troubled waters, distorts the appearance of objects; *that* composed—this no longer disgusts.

But the change in the gaoler's disposition can be otherwise accounted for. He lost his wife about three weeks ago, and the nerve must be callous indeed, whom the shock of death, received thro' the person of a dear friend, cannot soften.

Were man not mortal, who can tell

Where soft humanity would find a nest ;

Humanity ! soft turtle ! sure to dwell

Where death's rude shock shakes up, as down
o'er-press'd,

To kindly softness, some survivor's breast.

His

His daughter, too, came in for her share of friendly recognition. Molly was not an ill-disposed girl. The frequency of beholding the prisoner's distress, had not made it in her "a property of easiness."

She had done me many kind offices, besides that of reviving me when Sylvia's unexpected appearance in my cell overpowered my spirits.—but she now wanted comfort herself. The tear was yet wet on her cheek that flowed for the loss of her mother.

Sorrow surmounts ceremony. Like oil mixed with water, however shaken together, one moment, it will, the next, swim on the top.

"My poor mother," was the next phrase, after a friendly howd'ye, that Molly uttered.

"We are all mortal, Molly."

"Yes, so my poor mother said when she was on her death-bed, and I shall never forget it."

What

What weight does circumstance give to the most simple sentiment ! Undoubtedly Molly's mother had made use of this hackneyed phrase many a time during her life ; but Molly only remembered it as spoken on her death-bed : and, perhaps, without attending at all to its import even then, she, notwithstanding, found the sentence impressed on her memory.

"We are all mortal, Molly," said I.

"We are all mortal, Molly," repeated a magpye that was hopping about the room.

And, to the present purpose, did not the phrase come with equal propriety from the bird, as from me ?

"We are all *immortal*, Molly.—Be comforted. Life is but a prison ; you will yourself ere long be dismissed from it, and then you will rejoin your mother in the regions of liberty.—We are all *immortal* Molly"—This, now, had been something.—But, to tell thee the truth, Bountly, I so sincerely shared in the poor girl's sorrows, that my tongue, ashamed of absolute silence,
uttered

uttered what neither my head nor my heart attended to.

But a principal impulse that excited me to revisit my prison, was curiosity. Curiosity to know the man, for whose crime I had suffered bondage.

The cell that once immured me, now immured him.

I peeped in. The prisoner was drunk, and snoring in the corner of his cell.—My entry roused him. He cursed me for disturbing him, and the next moment begged me to hand him over a trifle, to procure him a little comfort, as he termed it.

‘Friend,’ said I, ‘you suffer deservedly, yet, if I could do you a real service I would.’ Charity, ill-directed, serves but to pamper vice. This is a maxim in the volume of Humanity, to which I would not on every occasion recur; but, where the page opens upon it spontaneously, it ought not to be disregarded.—Here it glared me convincingly in the face.

The

The fellow cursed me for a sniveling puppy, and bid me get out of his cell.— He need not, for, shock'd at his audacity, I was hastening to do so.

And is it possible, Bountly, that guilt can find resources of courage where innocence sinks spiritless?—Yes, had not I experienced it in my own particular, an every day view of human life might have convinced me of it; where we see the just, like doves, tho' harmless-diffident;—the unjust like wolves, tho' conscious of guilt, yet assured.

Bountly, I am summoned from thee, and must obey—accept, therefore, an abrupt adieu.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

P. S. To-morrow morning I continue my journey to N-----

Penfon to his Friend Bountly.

BOUNTLY, I am not yet arrived at N——. If like a crab I do not go backward, I seldom however proceed in a direct progression. I am at Starley, a small Hamlet, a little way out of the great road.

“And what led thee there, Penfon?”

Such a start of the mind as leads one to follow an imaginary fire, till one gets one's limbs benumbed.

Methinks it has been my lot lately to blunder on torpedos.

But I will endeavour to recal the sensations with which I first forsook the road; for, composed wholly of the present, my letter would chill thee in the reading.

Tho' no longer as the child of adversity; I was to-day proceeding towards N——, yet could not I even now proceed thither with composure. The recurrence of an infinity of remembrances overpowered me, and rendered me fanciful.

Tho'

Tho' a wounded limb may be healed and cease to be painful, yet there are certain positions in which it will be weak.

N—— can never be to me what it has been.

Alas ! no—responded my heart, as I jogged on thitherward.

Something rustled in the hedge. Tray sprang towards it. It led him down a bye lane. I followed him, rather to see what he was pursuing, than to encourage his pursuit. 'Twas a lame partridge.

“Tray ! forbear.—Adversity is sacred, touch it not.”

Tray stood : but wagged his tail ; as much as to say, ‘ ’tis fair game, master.’

Ay, thought I, and the world always thinks it fair game, to prey on those who cannot resist the injury.

I was returning to the road—but fancy was growing a little inebriate.—A thought struck me.

A man abandoned by Heaven, said I, is
in

in a far worse condition than one whom Heaven chastises.

My imagination yielded to the idea, and adverting with it to the lam'd partridge—"Poor maimed bird," continued I, "shall I abandon thee?—No—let me rather be to thee what, in the moment of adversity, man wishes Heaven to be to him;—a protector—a favourer.—No, I will not abandon thee to the merciless:—nor will I abandon thee to thyself."

I lit from my horse, and followed the bird. My steps were invigorated, my strides were extended with the conceit that, as a God, I would snatch into my protection a hapless being, who only fled me, because not endued with faculties to distinguish real from apparent evil.

Thou wilt smile, Bountiful, but I never felt myself more elevated.

A God, dealing death around him, is terrible: but dispensing life, O, how adorable!—Let the sportsman, thought I, whilst
unfeel-

unfeelingly perſonating the *firſt*, glory :—
I, methinks, whiſt copying the *laſt*, ſub-
lime.

I caught the wounded bird. Its wing
was broken (I believe by a ſhot.)—Ay,
thought I, my wing too has been broken
—I fly no more; but Providence obtrud-
ing on me its care (even as I mine on
thee, poor bird), relieved my pain, though
I ſtill feel my weakneſs: and though I
cannot promiſe to reſtore to thee thy pi-
nion, yet ſhalt thou be lulled in the lap of
conſolation, 'till thy loſs ſhall be remem-
bered but as a dream.

There are loſſes which, without invert-
ing the order of things, Heaven itſelf can
neither prevent nor reſtore;—yet, if it but
enable us to ſupport them, it deſerves our
gratitude.—Ah, Bountly! why to this
cannot I ſubſcribe with greater prompt-
neſs.

But to proceed.

When

When Alexander was wounded, he, doubtless, felt himself doubly mortal, from having been flattered as a god : and, probably, to a similar cause my present unpleasant sensations may be attributed.

I had assumed the god (truly with the most benevolent intentions), but I presently found myself a mere erring man, who, where he endeavoured to revive life, hastened death ; and where he hoped to gather gratitude, found a thorn. Virtue, like a young horse, sometimes carries its head too high, and then it is sure to stumble.

But I consider the affair, perhaps, too nicely. I have, certainly, palpable faults enough, without fishing for them amidst my best intended deeds :—and this is one of those palpable ones, to ruminate on a circumstance till my conception of it, like a stick of sealing-wax, long handled (and I have the comparison now in my hand),

loses its pristine shape and texture, and takes the form of my constitutional oppressions.

But how suddenly, as I advert to disagreeables, do they overwhelm me and bear me away. I said I would proceed—and so I have, but on a run-away horse; but I will return, and, dismounting from untoward reflection, re-assume my relation.

I have already (and I think with tolerable spirit, my present awkward conceptions allowed for) described to thee the frame of mind I was in; and in this frame I was returning up the lane, towards the great road, with my bird in my bosom, when a groan from an adjacent rick-barton drew my attention.

I gave my horse to Johnson (my servant), and, getting over a gate, made my way towards the place whence the groan proceeded; when lo! beneath the succour of an old hay-stack, on refuse little better than

than dung, lay an old man, seemingly in the last agonies.

The sight, as well it may, touched me; and, as lesser concerns give way to greater, had my bird been with me, I had probably lost it through inattention---but I had left it with Johnson.

I approached the old man, and, leaning beside him, asked his ailment.

His only reply was an aspiration of pain.

Whilst the mind hesitates in what manner to act, it starts questions without much attention to their propriety.

Such was my case, or I should not have continued to interrogate a man, whom, had I reasoned a moment, I should have concluded incapable of answering me; but reason has often reason to correct its mistakes; and therein only I think it superior to folly, which is ever too blind to see, or too proud to acknowledge its errors.

But I am again rambling.—I meant to tell thee that, notwithstanding appearances, the old man was not quite incapable of speech; for, on my demanding who he was, a faltering voice, but, methought, rather peevish than plaintive, replied, “A dead man.”

An answer so unexpected prompted another question.

“From whence did you come?”

— — —
“No where.”
— — —

Strange!

“To whom do you belong?”

“Nobody.” —

Good Heaven! thought I, and is this then one whom thou hast abandoned, or ———. (The idea of chastisement seemed not to take in such a situation.)— I paused over him in I know not what kind of suspense.

But

But the old man, by turning his face towards me, which was before rather concealed from me by the posture in which he lay, soon terminated my reverie ; for in his I recognized the features of the old mendicant, in whose presence I was a little while ago apprehended for a thief, and who was apprehended with me as an accessory.

The recognizing him in this condition quite invalidated the sentiments I remember to have indulged when I first saw him. —I *then* thought his simple, unencumbered, unconnected life, so enviable, as to lead me to question the necessity of human association. *Now*, from a view of his miserable situation, I could not help exclaiming, What a wretched, helpless thing is individual man ? With all the necessary (I mean unavoidable) evils of society, man is out of nature when out of it :—Lo ! like a wheel thrown out of a machine,

where he falls, there he must lie, useless, helpless, unassisted.

But, thought I (or rather felt, for all this was rather momentary perception than progressive ideas)—Let him be abandoned by Heaven, or not abandoned by Heaven—be social, or unsocial—shall I, who obeyed the impulse of humanity, when it incited me to take under my protection an unfortunate bird, disregard it now, when it incites me to assist my fellow man!—Forbid it, ye common ligatures, that combine together the whole of nature's works; and O, forbid it, ye finer ligatures, ye fibres tremblingly alive, ye invisible nerves, which, connecting man with man, give him to feel the woes of his brother!—Abandoned by Heaven!—And was not the poor partridge abandoned by Heaven too?—O no—neither, neither: Heaven sent me to succour both the one and the other—Providence ordained me its substitute: again, methought, I assumed the God.

I stepped

I stepped to Johnson—Simple fellow!—I believe he thought me a fool in regard to the bird; but he was alert enough to run to the neighbouring hamlet to procure assistance for the old man—and he distinguished well. The nearer affinities should affect all—the remoter ones can touch only the liberal (nay, sensibly, perhaps only) the fanciful mind: but is not there a greater mixture of self-love in our compassion one for another than in our compassion for the brute creation? For, in the first case, do not we pity, thro' a latent wish of being pitied, if the condition we compassionate should possibly become our own?—Excuse me, Bountly! but, paradoxical as it may seem, methinks the latter is most godlike; for there are many of the sufferings of the brute to which man cannot possibly be subject.

But ———

Johnson soon returned, and I got the old man conveyed to a farm-house—even
here,

here, where, as my accidental engagements have worn out the day, I shall pass part of the night in the customary relief I find in relating my movements to thee.

I was apprehensive the removal would be too much for the old man—he was quite exhausted by the time we got him hither; but a cordial, which I administered to him, a little revived him.

He was too ill to be undressed, therefore the farmer put some clean straw in an inner room, and, spreading a blanket over it, we laid him on it.—*Good* and *bad* are but terms of comparison;—this was, certainly, a bed of down to that from which we had removed him.

But, though revived, he was not yet sufficiently so to be intelligent. One of his legs appeared to be much swelled, and exceedingly black. On examination, I found the ankle to be dislocated.

“Nay,”

“Nay,” said I, still full of my assumed godship, “I am equal even to *this*. To what purpose is speculative knowledge! let me reduce it to practice.—Here is no surgeon. I am not ignorant of osteology.—Well, then” ——

I exerted myself, at once, with pride, pleasure, and apprehension, and at length, with much difficulty, replaced the joint.

When my patient was a little more revived, I learned from him, that having, three nights ago, clambered up to a cut in the rick under which I found him, in order to sleep there, he had fallen down, and so lamed himself, being feeble and ill before, that he was unable to rise, and that he had lain there, without nourishment, till I met with him, and “I wish,” continued he, with an increased degree of fretfulness which I thought his extreme weakness not capable of, “you had left me to die in quiet, and not hauled me about here, tormenting me.”

This

This was an unpleasant dash, Bountly—but it did not quite un-god me.

“Poor thing,” thought I, “thou can’st not distinguish real from apparent evil; but, because thy ignorance murmurs, shall I give thee up?—No.”

This man, Bountly, had once cursed me.—I had innocently given him cause, and I was pleased, over and above my humanity, to have an occasion, by doing him a kindness, to balance with him the former account. Wherefore —

“Friend,” said I, “think better of it—I did you once an unintentional injury.—Let my attention to you now wipe away the remembrance of it.—Do you not recollect to have seen me before?”

“Yes,” said he, “I often recollect what I do not wish to.”

“And do you now?”

“If you had been hanged, I should have thrived—that’s all. You are the cause of my death.”

"Heavens! how so?"

"I wish you'd let me alone!"

"Only satisfy me in this, and I will."

"Suppose I were to, I'm not worth hanging now."

"Fear not, I'm your friend, man."

"Very like, but Ned Derman was a better."

(The man for whose crime I was imprisoned, Bountly.)

"Ned Derman!"

"Poor folks must live as they can—He supplied me with many a good pennyworth, but 'tis all over, and I can die but once!"

And what have I got here, thought I—My divinityship was non-pluffed, Bountly; for, however it might relieve the body, I felt, methought, a consciousness, that the mind was beyond its correction.—Hast thou ever been cheated with a choak pear?—Delicious in expectation, nauseous in experience—

experience—'twere a faint emblem of my disappointment.

The great reformer Luther, probably, from observing the natural turpitude of some dispositions, entertained an opinion, that the spirits which animate human bodies, were some of them infernal.

This idea recurring strongly to my mind shocked me, whilst my eyes were fixed with horror on my patient. "Friend," said I, "you talk of death, but I fear you are badly prepared for it."

"No matter, 'tis not the first rub old Mahud has met with unprepared."

(The cordials I had given him seemed to operate more powerfully than I wished—but)

"Mahud—exclaimed I—did you say Mahud?"——

I spoke eagerly. The old man struggled round on the straw, and looking at me with alarm in his eyes, replied,

"And what then?"

"Did

“ Did a young woman, called Cary, ever travel with you ? ”

His eyes grew wild. He seem'd choak'd: but, glutting strongly, he articulated,

“ What, trap me ! ”——

“ But she can't, ”——continued he, with a kind of hiccup——“ She knew nothing of it. ” Again he seem'd choak'd: a convulsion seized him, and in less than an hour he was gone.——O, Bountly, how fell my divinityship!——From being something more than man, I instantly shrunk to something less—and why?——I might say, that my feelings in high glow receiving a sudden chill, rendered me torpid: but, perhaps, calm reason could assign no adequate cause. Extremes are the fault of constitution. I know it, I feel it, I condemn it; but I can't remedy it.

But this was certainly Cary's foster-father. And the thought shocks me, that she should have been exposed to such a connection.

connection. How incorrigible even to the last moment !

Can habit subvert Nature ? Or, are those nearer the truth who imagine, that some are born into the world villains ? 'Tis a horrid supposition. But, tho' I would not adopt the term in its full meaning, yet, methinks, I would grant to the request of the poet.

“ At least, as many sorts of mind as mosses.”

For else I should be unable to account for the disposition of my sister, whose principles must have been innately of a different species to those she had long assorted with, or an example so habituated to villainy, as to feel it as its ruling propensity, even in death, must have perverted them.— But whither would this lead me ? It stands well *here*, Bountly ; but on other grounds, perhaps, I should be led to encounter my own argument. What then is reason ?— A child's garter—knitting at one end, unraveling at the other.

But

But where was I?—Speaking of my sister. Ay, that is another string in my heart not just in tune. It had been strained a pitch higher than the peg could keep it to—That was the fault.—Methinks I am in the humour now to recount all my disagreeables, but I check it. Why should my fancies untranquillize my friends.

No, my sister shall not even know of my having discovered old Mahud. May nothing so unpleasant ever disturb her in her beatific abstractions.

But, excuse me, Bountly, I could not let such an event, as the discovery of Cary's foster-father pass over without noticing it to thee, and I have given it thee the rather in its full circumstance, because I have been accustomed to paint my soul to thee in the scene which affects it—and this, Bountly, thou now must have patience with, since the custom has grown through thy encouragement. But what I have written, was in the recollection so irksome, that I am
conscious

conſcious the recital partakes of the heavineſs with which it was indited.—My ſpirits are, indeed, ſomehow agitated, but 'tis the agitation of an ague—what ſhall dilate their contractions?

I will take my poor partridge back to my Sylvia.

Be cauſe one of my attempts has been unprofitable, ſhall I neglect the other?—No——poor bird! Sylvia ſhall heal thy wounded wing; and while ſhe ſoothes thee to a forgetfulneſs of thy miſfortune, ſhe ſhall again warm my heart to the expansion of humanity.

But will not Sylvia think me weak indeed?——Let her. I would not deceive her by appearing a tittle better than I am; for that would be ultimately to deceive myſelf; ſince, if ever ſhe be mine, I ſhall expect her compaſſion even for my weakneſſes: and, to ſay truth (tho' with all my preſent flattering proſpects I am aſhamed
to

to make such an acknowledgment) I feel, I shall after all, be nobody; or, what is very little better, still

WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

N - - -

AH, Bountly, in spite of all thy sage admonitions, in spite of all my own reasonings, I find I am just as great a simpleton as ever. Methinks the air of this place quite enervates me. Can it be?—Twice has it thus affected me.—Yet once it was the element of joy—Yes, and therefore, alas! is it now the breathings of dejection.

I had hoped, for some time past, that I was growing a man:—but, I find I am a mere farthing-candle, whose fires yield to the slightest blast.—Mere trifles affect me.

Methinks I would be a man: a man of the world, Bountly—— Ha!—— would I?——

This

This is a wish that ever starts like a bubble on the surface of my mind, when the clouds of oppression shower on my spirits most heavily.

But it will not bear the touch of reflection.

For to be a man of the world—were it not to have a heart of marble, impenetrable, save to the force of a chisel?

What should I profit by such a metamorphosis?

Even as much as a dull ear would profit at a concert over a nice one, where, tho' it could not be hurt by an accidental jar thro' its inability to distinguish it, neither could it feel those fine touches which would rap the other to an ecstacy.

Providence is more equal in the distribution of pain and pleasure than we are often willing to allow. It librates the balance with a hand more even than our passions permit us to notice. But my portion of each lies quite at the extremes of the beam. A little addition on either side makes it forcibly preponderate.

Methinks

Methinks I wish, however, these portioned parts lay a little nearer together, that their impetus might be less.

Interrupted.

The old Mansion, here, Bountly, is like its present owner, sadly out of repair.—Internally I mean; for, externally, both the one and the other look tolerably enough.

When I was last at N—, I only caught a look at it from the top of Gaston's-lane.—My heart was too big to approach it nearer; tho' the more peculiar intention of breathing a sigh in its vicinity, led me then to N—, But my bosom was not sufficiently healed, and I found experimentally, that I could press about its wound only at a certain distance.—I wish I had not come hither now.—I would fain be happy—at least serene; but the over-looking this old abode recalls scenes, the memory of which perturbs me, and, evaporating my spirits, ren-

ders me, in spite of my exertions against it, languidly penfive.

Sympathetic melancholy is far finer and more exalted than selfish—that expands—this dejects.—When I was here last, the sorrows of poor old Snell diverted me from my own, and, whilst they melted, relieved me.—But, he is not now here, he is gone with Tom to a relation in Gloucestershire.—Every body can find relations, when they have first found the means of not wanting their assistance.

Again I am interrupted.

Bountly, could'st thou see me now, would'st thou not smile—nay, rather would'st thou not censure me. Even on the floor of the old study, where my venerable uncle has often opened the volumes of science to my wondering mind, am I now writing to thee—even on the floor (for no other convenience does it now afford

ford me) and I could no longer resist the impulse which incited me again to describe the effusions of my soul—where my hand was first taught the sacred mystery. Smile, if ye will, ye wise ones: but there is a pleasure in these fancies, which none but the fanciful can feel. Hither am I now returned to enjoy this pensive pleasure, more affecting to me, than to you, the brightest wit, whose flash may explode my folly.

It is about an hour since, that in examining the left wing of the house, I first, for these many long years, entered this apartment.

The ceiling was fallen in, and the closet adjoining, in tatters.

The sight affected me. I sat down heavily amidst the ruins——

“Even like this,” said I: and I put my hand involuntarily to my head, “Even like this!——What pains were once taken to furnish it;—to arrange its furniture—and

to how little purpose?—Tranquillity, once its inhabitant, forsook it, and it became a heap of confusion.”

Tray was scratching amidst the ruins of the closet. He spurned out some torn papers.—They lay at my feet.—These apartments can have been little frequented since they were frequented by myself, or—but methinks they are therefore the more sacred—I picked up the papers.—Why was I so unmanned—They were blotting papers—nothing more—on which I had once, with a playful boyish hand, endeavoured, here and there, to sketch the features of Melinda—Milinda! Yes—my breath shortened, my heart beat—The most finished painting could not have set her so before me.—Yet these retained very little likeness.—But they were more than likenesses; they were history-pieces.—The turn of every little stroke told me something.—Here my Linny smiled—There she spoke.—Thus looked she, whilst I drew.

drew this.—Thus did she, whilst I delineated that.—Here, what were my pleasures?—There, what were my anxieties! And, O Bountly, I felt all, all over again; but the various sensations, mixing with the idea, that all the gay visions that then danced before me were vanished, so melted me, that I could have played the woman.

To compare the ideas that possess the mind in different circumstances, is often more affecting, than to compare the circumstances themselves—because the mind rests not in the present (or real) happiness or misery, but still anticipates an exquisiteness in either extreme, never to be verified.——

Spare thy reproof, my friend! I know thou wilt say on this occasion, as thou hast often said on similar ones, that a person of my cast should beware of indulging such unprofitable reveries. I own my fault, but
I feel

I feel a pleasure in the folly not to be foregone.

But, return reason !—Return to affection, from the shades of death !—Is not Sylvia, to me, all that Melinda could have been ? —My heart trembles between the two ideas !——

But I ought to be happy, and I will be so.——

Honest old Edward, my late uncle's gardener, found me amidst the rubbish.

Thou knowest Edward, Bountly. In the hardier years of life, there was a certain roughness in his disposition. But, like winter fruit, old age has mellowed him. When I was last here, he recurred not to my mind, as I had long taken it for granted, he was either retired to his native country, or numbered with his fore-fathers.

But he found me amidst the rubbish.—

He entered to me with a countenance of hasty congratulation.

I

“ Heaven .

“Heaven blefs my honour’d mafter,” faid he—“it does my old heart good to”——
——He ftopp’d.

He intended, I believe, to have made me a florid welcome.

But he faw me penfive amidft the rubbifh.

He caft his eye alternately on the tattered apartment and on me. He feemed loft in a mental enquiry.

I arofe and took his hand.

He again found his tongue.

“Why, to be fure, fir,” faid he (having drawn the conclufion, I fuppose, that I was unhappy in finding the houfe fo difarranged)

“why to be fure, fir,” faid he, “’tis fadly gone to rack; but it can foon be repaired.”

——“No, Edward—It can never be what it has been.”——

“Blefs you, fir,” replied he, “how can you think fo? why it can be done in a trice—in a trice, fir—An’ that be all, you may inhabit it in fix weeks.”——

“I think, Edward, I muft never inhabit it more.”

The

The poor fellow's countenance fell.

"Why, then old Edward has lost his labour," cried he, "and all his care amounts to nothing."

O Disappointment!—I have felt thee! —I know thy traits:—they were impressed on Edward's features.

"Nay, Edward! my mind is not made up, I *may* live here again."

"Grant you may!—Grant you may!"—returned he with quickness,—“To be sure the house is out of order, but wish you would look into the garden.—There's my pride. Just as 'twas, my good master, just as 'twas——Ay, and there's the little square plot by the side of the dove-house, which you us'd, when a boy, to call your parterre; and there is the lilac that you planted, and the weeping willow over the pool, and the hedge of laurel—all just as 'twas—except, indeed that the laurel is rather blighted, ———”

I sighed, Bountly—“Blighted indeed thought I.”

But

But Edward led me to the garden.—He forgot his florid welcome—but I read it in his face.

“Look you, fir,” said he, as he led me along, “the house being uninhabited, is unconditioned; but I have taken care of the garden ever since my late master’s death, and had the profits of the produce for my pains.—Now, perhaps, fir, if I had made some alterations I could have made more profit—but, I don’t know how ’twas, I could never persuade myself but I should see you one day again in possession of it, and then, thought I, how pleas’d will master Wanley be to find every thing just as he left it.”——

Did the old man lay himself out for my acknowledgments, Bountly?—If he did ’twas but soliciting a just debt.

But I could not answer the solicitation—I could only squeeze his aged hand, for the scenes he led me to deprived me of the powers of utterance.

I gather—

I gathered a ſprig of the willow, and placed it in my boſom, to the memory of my loſt Melinda.——She was by when I planted it.

Edward approached me.

“Give me leave,” ſaid he, “you have worn the willow long enough.”

And he took it from my boſom, and caſt it into the pool.

But the wind waſted it to the border, and I took it again.

(Ah, Melinda!—But I waſ not by to take thee from the waters!)

I would have replaced it in my boſom— but it dripped ſo, Bountly——

Edward ſtood ſuſpended: he was apprehenſive, I believe, for my wits.

I endeavoured to recollect myſelf—— Indeed I have long been endeavouring to recollect myſelf: but, like a torn ſubſtance, however collected, I cannot be whole.

I am returned to my Inn. I had left Edward somewhat abruptly in the garden, and returned to the study to indulge remembrances which overpowered me.— Edward's assiduoufness again found me there, and writing on the floor. He certainly thought my intellects deranged : and it was to remove his apprehensions that I took him to my Inn, to treat him with a cheerful glass.

A man may be a fool, in the way of the world, if he will ; but if he indulge his folly in his own way, the world will then think him a fool indeed.

Edward is now regaling in the same apartment in which I write. I have strained my spirits to the top of their compass, to convince him I have a little common sense, and that, on an emergency, I can talk with as little meaning as the generality of those who talk much ; and I believe I have succeeded. But Edward is not adept enough in the human heart to discover its features through

through the veil of constraint. If he had, he must have found my hilarity very superficial.

There are moments, indeed, in which I could be pleased to repay even a zestless joke with a smile, and, to feed the cheerfulness of a companion, rummage my own recollection for a mirthful incident; but, alas! 'tis not so now—My soul is too much absorbed in its own gloomy ruminations, to be drawn forth by its accustomed urbanity; and solely now, to relieve it from constraint, have I made a plea of the necessity of my concluding this letter.

Yet, methinks, I would fain be a little more magnanimous—circumstances require that I should be so!—but what shall I do with the obtrusive recurrence of those ideas which revived in my breast, as Edward's good-nature led me from one scene to another, each, alas! too well remembered. Yes, Bountly, the air I breathe
here

here—let me repeat it—the air I breathe here is debilitating. I must get out of it—I must endeavour to find happiness in forgetting I once was happy.—I love Sylvia.—Needed my pen to have reproduced such an assertion?—No: to lose her, would be again to lose a Melinda, and even as these enervating shades, which I have just retraced, would *then* be those places *now* recollected, with pleasure, as evidences of her affection.

Yes, Bountly, I love Sylvia—Pardon the acknowledgment, thou brother of my Melinda?—Thou wilt, for thou art more than the brother, thou art the friend of Penfon.—Yes, Bountly, I love Sylvia, and her idea, in every other situation, lightens my breast; but *here*, surrounded by these scenes where Linny only possessed my heart, methinks I cannot persuade myself of her privation.

Methinks,

Methinks, at every turn, fond fancy still!
 Expects to meet her, and thro' every grove
 Peers wistful—or mistakes the distant rill
 For the soft voice of recognizing love,
 Till, as the thin gale, which the untimely bud
 Nips and deshevels in the bleak expanse,
 A sheer idea checks my mantling blood,
 And fancy shivers into trembling sense.

— — — And painful sense,
 too, my Bountly; for here, amidst ten
 thousand evidences of an original affec-
 tion, something ever thrills through me,
 when certain particulars, in my present
 circumstances, recur to my recollection.
 —No—I must not reside here — Sylvia
 deserves my whole heart—She must
 not share it even with an incorporeal ob-
 ject.—Melinda, I must fly thy remem-
 brancers!—Melinda, I must forget thee!
 Yes, thus even to her brother must con-
 clude,

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON to his Friend BOUNTLY.

N-----.

BOUNTLY! methinks I am spell-bound—Methinks I would, but cannot, disenchant myself—Say not I yield—methinks I am impelled, irresistibly drawn to the re-occupation of every place which, once hallowed by the gentlest affections, is now sacred to their memory.

I am now sat down to write to thee, on the old stone table under the yew-tree, at the bottom of the long walk. **Thy** name is carved on the stone, and Linny's, on the bark of the tree—Ominous hand! that marked her's on so mournful a memorial!—but it is marked on one yet more mournful; even on that heart which retains thine, yet more perfect than does this moss-grown stone.

How

How the dry leaves dance in the breeze around me! as though to welcome me to my inheritance!

“Are ye not parasites, ye dry leaves?”

—How came that thought across me?

Not without reason, my Bountly.

When I was here last, a few short weeks ago, I passed about unnoticed. No recognizance impeded my passage.—No hat moved to me. No one said, Penfon, how do’st thou!—Insignificance rendered me invisible, and I was as much unknown as I wished to be; but *now* wealth has broken the charm:—A little wealth has dispelled the mist that obscured me, and I am become the mark of all eyes.

If I were covetous of money, I think I could soon be as rich as a nabob, only by showing myself at two-pence a fight.

Yes, truly; for every one now remembers my worth—every one recollects my goodness.—Goodness! no, no—
They recollect I have now wherewithal
to

to profit them for their observance.—
I'll give away my possession, Bountly!
for I see, while I have money, I shall never be able to distinguish honesty from a knave.

The old 'Squire has sent me his compliments. He is laid up with the gout, or he had paid me his respects personally—(I'd as soon have received the personal respects of old Satan); but he begs the favour of a visit, and assures me, he shall be happy to have me for a neighbour; but never, Bountly; such neighbourhood would be like the junction of fire and water, ever in high hiss.—Did he know me, he certainly would never have formed such a wish.

Who winds through yonder wicket?—
another dry leaf. —

No.—'Tis Betsy Freeman.—Poor
VOL. III. S girl

girl? — How pale! — How void her
look! —

I had forgot to tell thee of her, Bountly.
— Her reason barely kept its seat when I
was here last. — The loss of poor Tom had
not quite dismounted it. — It yet peered
over the shoulder of her grief, and there,
like an infant, clung weeping. — Now,
startled by his unexpected return, it has
lost its feeble hold. —

— — —
Hark! she sings!
— — —

Bountly, 'twas ten minutes ago that she
sung, but, methinks — Alas! my
faculties are now little less deranged
than her's — Methinks I hear her
still —

“ And now, through deserts straying,
With grief and pain oppress'd,
And sorrows all dismaying,
She sought a place of rest.”

What

What plaintive accent she always be-
guiles the ear with!—She passed me
——. “What, do you sing, pretty
maiden?”

“Nay—pray you, Sir—I’ve just
done ——

Beneath the weeping willow,
At length her limbs she lay;
The rough stone was her pillow—
Her bed the damp, cold clay.

Nay, that’s not all, neither” ——

And she paused, as though for recol-
lection.

To fall in with the current of grief is
often the readiest way to sooth it.—O,
Bountly! thou hast enabled me to speak
this from experience!—The poor girl’s
song I well remembered—Its melancholy
cadence was familiar to me when a boy.—
“Let me help you out, pretty maiden.”—
And I began to sing the next stanza in her
own disconsolate key; but she caught the

words out of my mouth, and sung yet more
disconsolately—

“ The nightly dews distilling,
Their baleful influence shed,
And the bleak winds, unfeeling,
Whiftled around her head.”

“ There, there,” continued she, “ I’ll
tell you more another time; but I can’t
stay now. They say ’twas all false;
but I shall find it out.—Good bye.”——

“ Whither are you going ?”

“ O dear!—all away—all away! I think
I shall lose myself in these wild woods.”

“ I will go with you, pretty one.”

“ Will you?—Why, so you shall then:
you shall court me under the willow—I’ll
show you where it is; but I won’t marry
you—indeed I won’t.—He shall see how
constant I will be.”——

“ Who shall see it, pretty maiden ?”

—— “ Humph! —— (She paused)
Bless

——— Bless me, now 'tis out of my head!" ———

"But why won't you marry me, my dear?"

"Why, because you won't love me so well as my Tom; and they say he married another."

There, Bountly, was touched the discordant string which untuned all the rest ——! She clapped her hand to her forehead——

"Bless me, what a storm!" ———

And she shot under the trees, as though to avoid it; but the storm was only in her own disturbed imagination —— I followed her——the tear stood in her eye.——

Strange, Bountly! that ideal wrongs should so unsettle the mind ——! For inconstancy—what is it but ideal wrong? yet, what feel we more sensibly? The stability of the mind depends on the reciprocal inclination, and, like cards set
on

on end, if that against which it leans give way, no wonder that the structure should totter.—The mind, from earliest youth, is habituated to consider inconstancy a wrong, and its fibres crack when wrenched from their accustomed bent.

Pardon me, Bountly, these bloated expressions; a muddy fountain cannot produce a clear stream. "Thou can'st not think how strangely I am tinged with the poor girl's infection. Methought I stood self-accused before her, when she glanced at Snell's inconstancy. The exquisiteness of her susceptibility seemed to charge mine with indelicacy.—Her fanciful starts affected me—Her tears moved me—I kissed her cheek.

"That's pretty enough to be sure," said she, "yet you sha'n't tempt me; but I wish to be tempted, to see if I can be constant; for they say he could not help it."—

"Don't think of it, pretty one."

"O

"O yes! for now I can remember it all, and, to be sure, 'twas kind in her to save his life.

O the sweet little robin!
When tabby's claws had clutch'd thee—
And then to let thee fly away,
As tho' she ne'er had touch'd thee.

No, no, that's wrong—Tabby's a better mouser; but she always hides her kittens."

"We were not speaking of kittens, pretty one."

She started.

"Bless me, what a head I have, indeed I had forgot it; but I have it in my pocket"—and she pulled out a crumpled paper.—"Pray give it him when you get to England."

"We are there already, pretty one."

She smiled. ———

"O no!—I knew you'd say so; but you must not deceive me.—Give it him, pray do!"

"What

"What, pretty one?"

"O, 'tis the prettiest letter" (and she put the crumpled paper in my hand): "I have been writing it these three days; 'tis all stuck full of the prettiest words!—The milliner made the cushion; but I stuck it myself.——Stay now!—There is

Kisses sweet

Shall thee greet ———.

—Welcome, stranger,—and ———

—Come with joy ———

No—that's wrong, I believe; but who could have thought it"—and she sighed bitterly.

"Never mind it—let it be forgotten—
sad maiden!"

"Nay stay, I can remember it now—

Loud blew the blast, the surges beat,

The wild waves washed them wide away.—

And ——— O dear, 'tis gone again;
but, however, I'll sing you the burthen
of it.

O! if

O! if his breast ere cease to feel

This fire so pure, so true;

Steal thither, gentle paper, steal,

And kindle it anew!

Should he, if fate our loves divide,

Of mine unmindful be,

Thither, in some soft moment glide,

With a—Remember me!"

There, Bountly, struck the spark that
fired my brain.—There the little collected-
ness I had left, went to wreck.—My heart
is torn.—How have I been composed
enough to write to thee—She wept whilst
she sung.—She is not a dry leaf—But I
am.—I could not weep.—I stood abash'd
—confounded—convicted.—

———But, alas, I write unintelligibly!
Thou, haply, can'st not be aware why these
verses so affected me---but thou wilt re-
member often to have heard them sung by
the dear lost Melinda.---Yes, they were
her favourite airs, and oft' has she chaunted
them

them to me with peculiar expression. A glance of such expression did this poor weeping one cast on me as she sung. Methought, as the representative of Melinda, she reproached me with unfaithfulness to the memory of her attachment; and already to that reproach, had my heart beat a convulsive throb, when, as she closed her song, I involuntarily opened the paper she had put in my hand. My eye glanced over it.—'Twas only the leaf of a torn copy-book—which probably the poor thing had pick'd from the rubbish, which had been carried from the house without the back gates, but it was signed *Melinda Bountly*—her own hand———O, I can give thee no idea of the pang my soul endured at that moment.—Surely some chord of my heart broke with the recoil of my affections.

Spare me thy admonitions—I cannot now admit them.—This was no common event.—'Twould have subdued the heart of fortitude.

Yes, gentle paper, thou didst indeed steal on me in a soft moment. — The melancholy prelude had already quickened me to the thrill of consciousness. — But — signed with her own hand, and put into mine with a deprecation so pointed, so melting — “Remember me.” — O, ’twas too much. — Bountly, I am utterly subverted.

Whither went the poor weeping one I know not — neither am I conscious how I returned to this seat — Nay, scarcely how I resumed my writing — but to feel I exist, and to describe the throb of that existence to my friend, are, with me, effects equally produced without an effort. — Were it otherwise, he must have remained unacquainted with the present paroxysm of my soul.

I have been endeavouring to calm, by reasoning, the perturbation of my mind, but in vain. I feel methinks, a tender accusation lie against my heart, from which it cannot exculpate

exculpate itself.—Nay, I feel myself so weak, as even to believe there is something ominous and supernatural, in having this paper delivered to me so pathetically at this juncture—Tho' to what purpose so delivered, I am lost in endeavouring to divine.

Ye fainted spirits !—even in bliss, can ye be desirous of the regard of us mortals?—
 —Why not?—To be remembered—the human soul is composed but of such a wish.—All its achievements prove it.—
 Heavenly Melinda ! Dear ideal object of my affections ! thou art not forgotten !—
 Bountly, did I say I would forget her?—
 —Pardon, dear saint——But !——
 what !——O, my brain !——Not another thought that way.

I am now at Hoddens-Ford. The air of N --- was certainly infectious, therefore have I withdrawn from it.—What else could ail me?—Tho' even here, methinks

methinks the garden scene with Betsey Freeman, presses on my recollection as an event not to be rank'd among the insignificancies of chance. But I shall grow superstitious:—no more of it.——My reason is satisfied, but my feelings are humoursome. I must not indulge them.

Poor Tom Snell! How is his fortitude exercised: but he supports it manfully. He was returning this morning to N — — and stopt to take a refreshing glass at the inn where I am baiting.

He has just parted from me. My farewell included a good wish to poor Betsey.—“Why to be sure,” said he, “she is hove a one side a little.—But we must have patience—a few days, and I’ll warrant she rights again.”

——I hope so too.

Tom is rational—his soul is intrepid.

Yet wherein more so, than that of his weeping love.

He flinches in proportion to his sensibility, and she does no more.

'Twill not do, Bountly! I had many things about which I meant to confer with thee; but I cannot expatiate now. The signature of Melinda fascinates my view, and—"Remember me"—still vibrates on my heart strings.—When I am more composed, I shall be more intelligible; then I will write to thee again. I now fly to Sylvia—her love shall restore me to myself—and oblivate—How!—What thought was that shot across me?—I dare not trust myself to translate the sentiment into more perfect expression.

Farewell,

W. WANLEY PENJON.

THE
MELANCHOLY MAN.

PART X.

CONCLUSION,

BY THE CURATE.

GENTLE reader! Penfon writes no more. Thou hast seen the last of his correspondence.

For myself, I have hitherto only lent a hand to regulate the drama; but now I must help to fill the scene.

It appears, from the foregoing letters, that their writer had at length so far reconciled his grief for his lost Melinda, with his affection for the kind commiserating Sylvia, as to have intended (notwithstanding some occasional starts of sensibility, which, for the moment, seemed to unsettle his resolves) to celebrate

celebrate his nuptials with the latter at Haverford; towards which place he had accompanied her as far as R——, and had there left her whilst he made that excursion to N - - -, which furnished him with the subjects of his last letters.

Their repairing to Haverford on this occasion, was in compliance with the wish of an aunt of Miss Brudenell, who, besides being her god-mother, held a peculiar place in her affections.

Captain Brudenell's affairs, some days previous to their journey, had called him to Warwick; but he was to meet them at Haverford on a day appointed.

And now, undoubtedly, the pensive man was endeavouring to console himself with the idea, that, soothed in the affections of his Sylvia, he should forget all former anxieties; and, like a shipwreck'd merchant, find a hope reviving in his breast at the sight of relief, which he thought had been drown'd with his lost treasure.

But to disappoint the expectations of men, seems to be the sport of Providence ; —yet not wantonly so: —but rather, perhaps, to convince us that we were not merely designed for the things of time ; —yea, probably out of kindness, to wean us from *this*, whilst it excites us to look forward to a future state: for that man is most unhappy in death, who has felt least disappointment in life.

'Twas a cloudy autumnal day.—I had been rambling through my parish. A storm obliged me to take shelter in Selby's shop.

Reader! thou rememberest Selby, the hospitable shopkeeper at L——. He and I were not unacquainted. Many a wet afternoon have we leaned nose to nose over his counter, and chatted together.

But this is informing thee of what, from some of the preceding sheets, thou canst not but already have gathered.

I had observed a carriage under the great elm, at the upper end of the village.

I enquired whose it was.

Selby informed me it belonged to a gentleman and lady, who, on their way to Haverford, had stept aside a little, to call on his housekeeper, Mrs. Barnes; and that they were then in the parlour together.

I was answered.—Tho' I thought it rather odd for persons of quality (for such the carriage I had seen led me to estimate its owners), I say, I thought it rather odd, for such persons to pay so much regard to one in Mrs. Barnes's situation: but had I then known what I now know, I need not have wondered.

'Twas Penson and Sylvia.

But Penson and Sylvia were then names uninteresting to me. Indeed, they were then unknown to me: had I heard them, I should have heard them with indifference, as they could have brought no character to my recollection.

Selby was busy between the shop and the parlour;—but, as I stood not on ceremony, I took a book from my pocket, to amuse myself till the storm should abate.

I had

I had not read long, when a post chaise stopt at the door; and out of it stepped a lady—I should have said young lady, did not that term seem to convey too much the idea of girlishness.

Past the floridity of youth, she appeared to be of that age, when the character of the mind begins to be settled on the features.

There was a languid benignity in her countenance, which bespoke an acquaintance with misfortune, but lighted up with a faint brightness, expressive of a sensation where hope a little, and but a little, surmounts apprehension.

Pale, but pleasing, there was something in it which seemed to convince one that, tho' perhaps she had never been a *regular beauty*, she had been *more*—an object capable of inspiring, and at the same time worthy of the tenderest attachment.

She entered the shop, and enquired for Mrs. Barnes.

Selby, I believe, thought she was of the

party of those already within, for he immediately threw open the parlour door.

Penson and Sylvia were sitting in an opposite window seat. He was leaning on her shoulder, and twisting his fingers in the ringlets that played on her neck.

The opening of the door drew from him a heedless glance;—but in a moment it quickened.—His countenance changed, and he sunk senseless in the window.

Sylvia screamed; and, starting to gain a distant part of the room, swooned on the floor.

Humanity would not suffer me to remain an idle spectator.

I entered the room.—Mrs. Barnes was sitting aghast and immoveable, in a chair by the fire, which she had been repairing; whilst the strange lady was supporting, and weeping over the insensible Penson.

For the sake of rendering a service to my parishioners, at an exigence, I had learned the use of the lancet.—I could bleed.

bleed.——I breathed a vein of each of the insensibles.

Silvia revived :—but Penfon ——
The vital flame wavered in the socket.—
We chafed his temples,—At length he opened his eyes.—I know not what mixture of horror and tenderness were blended in their glance.—With a tremulous accent he pronounced

“ LINNY ! ” ——

'Twas Linny, indeed.—That Linny for whose loss he had so often accused the waves ; but they were guiltless of her death.—They wafted her to a sand-bank ; —A French American took her up, and bore her with him to Louifana.—He had estates on the Miffiffippi.—He detained her there, —— : but the story is long and intricate, and the whole chain of it, as well as its conclusion, in the class of thofe events, which feem calculated, by fomething fuperior to chance, though to what end (fuppofing every calculation fuper-human to be for human benefit),

benefit), beyond the determination of mortal sagacity.—Perhaps, if some future day should afford me sufficient leisure, I may give it the public; but to say more of it here would be ill-timed, whilst Penfon, the reader's long acquaintance, and in whose fate, at present, he is, undoubtedly, more interested, lies like a vessel wrecked by the clash of two colliding seas.

He had already pronounced Linny.—He took her hand as though to ascertain the reality.—A faint gleam of joy seemed to enlighten his countenance—but ——— Sylvia ——— she, scarcely repossessed of her faculties, was sobbing at a doubtful distance.

Her sighs caught his ear. ———

He looked! ——— He extended a hand to her.—She sprung forward, and took it.—With the other he held Melinda's.—He removed his eyes twice from one to the other.—Nature shuddered!—The conflict was too great for his sensibility.—The tear started in his

eye;—but there remained not strength to expel it.

I saw his extremity ———. I seized his hand; but the pulse had already ceased to beat; and the last sigh had escaped from his bosom.

And now, reader, over his bier, is it necessary that we sum up his character?—Is it not already before thee?—His writings disclose his sentiments; yea, sometimes more so than prudence should have allowed; yet frequently less than he seems to intend.—Hence then let us estimate him.

His mind was of nature's choicest composition; but hurt partly by the dispensation of Providence, and partly by unprofitable pondering. He was a man of unbounded humanity—of fine affection—of the purest friendship. A man too sensible to be happy;—who thought too deeply to think well;—and who spun the thread of reflection so fine, as to render it (at least to himself) unserviceable. A character
which,

which, in a crowd, is unnoticed, because, like the minutiae of nature, it requires nice observation to distinguish its exquisiteness; a character that, to its intimates, is ever amiable, because it will, even to the monopolising inquietude to itself, endeavour to compass their tranquillity; but a character to itself barely supportable, because corporeal nature cannot keep pace with its mental refinements.—Reader! if thou be such a one (though tracing him through his various sensibilities, as I have hitherto, with the throb of sympathy, thou may'st think I am now pronouncing his definitive eulogium), Remember—

“Howe’er thy heart be with him in his coffin,

“I’m here to bury *Penfon*, not to praise him.”

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FINIS.

